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BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A STORY OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

BY HORACE B. STANIFORD.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

THINGS IN BAGDAD.

Early on the morning after Assad and his companions had made their flight a merchant left one of the khans in Bagdad, and took his way towards the market of the money-changers. He was a dark-featured man, of repulsive aspect, though he yet seemed to be wealthy, and of much assurance. In age he was surely fifty years, but no frost was yet upon his beard. When he reached the place he sought he asked for the Syndic of those who changed money there, and when he was informed that the Syndic had not arrived he sat down to wait for him.

The forenoon had well advanced, and many people were about the shop of Elkader waiting for him. The other money-changers were all in their shops, but the Syndic came not. At length, however, when the first part of the day had half gone, Elkader appeared, and instead of being accompanied by Marouf, he brought with him an ass to bear his sack of money. His brow was darkened, and his face showed signs of much anger.

"My friends," he said, "you must not wonder that I am late when I explain to you the cause. That dog of a slave, Marouf, has remained away somewhere, and I cannot find him; and to fill the cup of my vexation my slave Assad is also tardy. For two mornings now the latter slave has remained away late, and I begin to fear some trick of love has turned his brain."

With this explanation, the Syndic proceeded to open his sack, and those who had waited the longest were first attended to, and as soon as he had met the wants of all the others he turned to the strange merchant, and asked his wish.

"You have a slave named Assad?" said the merchant.

"I have such an one," replied Elkader.

"A young man, and fair of face and form?" pursued the stranger.

"The same."

"I am called Califa, and I am a merchant from Mosul. I have come to see if you would sell the youth to me?"

"Nay, sir, I cannot do that, for he is of more worth to me than he could be to any one else."

"That may not be," said Califa, "for I will readily pay thee a thousand pieces of gold for him."

The Syndic smiled.

"I have already been offered two thousand pieces by the old Jew whom you see standing yonder," he said. "Know thou that the youth Assad is not only quick at figures, but he is also of ready wit and cunning, and every year he surely turns into my coffers more than ten thousand pieces of gold. From this you can see that no price within the scope of reason could purchase him."

The strange merchant seemed nothing daunted, and had offered up as high as ten thousand pieces of gold, when a black slave entered the market and approached the place where the Syndic sat. He laid upon the table a leathern bag and a letter, and then went away without speaking. The Syndic looked into the bag and found it filled with gold. He then opened the letter and read as follows:

"To Elkader, the Syndic,—The slave who brings this will also bring you two thousand pieces of gold, which sum is to pay you for your black slave Marouf, who has gone away to accompany Assad. I deemed it fitting that no wrong should be done to you, and hence this sum. As for Assad, his destiny calls him from you, and he may himself at some time repay you something. God, who is most wise and just, and who knoweth all things, knoweth that the youth can no longer remain with thee.

"Ben Hamed el Koord."

The Syndic leaped to his feet as soon as he had read this letter, and tore his hair and beard with rage.

"Who is *Ben Hamed el Koord?*" he cried, savagely.

"*Ben Hamed!*" uttered the strange merchant, turning pale. "What of him?"

"Read this letter," said Elkader, still beside himself with rage and excitement.

Califa took it and read, and when he had finished it, he slapped his own cheeks with fierce wrath and disappointment.

"When did the youth go?" he asked, trying to conceal his vexation.

"Sometime during the night, for he was with me after dark yesterday. But tell me, for you seem to betray some knowledge, who is this Ben Hamed?"

The strange merchant hesitated awhile, and then he said:

"I knew such a man once, but I know him not now. You see he is a Koord, and belongs far away north of us. I thought him dead, and I am sure many others thought him so, too."

"But what could the dog have had to do with my slave? What is this mystery?"

If the stranger knew anything he chose not to reveal it, for he professed entire ignorance, though a person unmoved by passion might have seen that he did have much suspicion if not actual knowledge. However, he stopped not to speak further with the Syndic, but with quick strides he left the market and bent his way back towards the khan where he lodged. Here he found a black slave anxiously awaiting his coming, and he at once called upon the slave to accompany him, and then turned his steps towards the private apartment which he occupied.

"Now, Ozmud," he said, speaking nervously and thickly, "what news bring you?"

"I hope you have succeeded better than I, my master," returned the black.

"How, dog! don't tell me you have lost her?"

"Hear me, my master, ere you let your tongue loose. I went to the house of the Syndic of the merchants just at midnight, and by the assistance of the slave woman whom you bribed, I gained access to the private apartments of the slave girl Morgiana. The old woman had administered bhang to the attendants, and they slept almost the sleep of death. I reached the inner chamber, but the maiden was not there. I examined the faces of all those who slept, but not one of them compared at all with the picture you gave me. Then I called the old woman, and she came up, and when she had found the maiden's couch vacant she examined the closet, and found the best raiment gone. Next she went to the place where the beautiful girl had kept her jewels, and that was empty. Yet I waited about the house until the sun arose, and it was the time for morning prayers, and then it was discovered that the girl Morgiana had fled, and that she had taken with her the young slave girl which Ali Shir had given to her."

"By Allah, dog of a slave, beware that thou dost not speak falsely. Is all this true?"

"All, my master," answered the black, bowing low.

The merchant started across the apartment in a strange mood, and his hands were firmly fixed in his beard.

"By all the powers of Eblis," he uttered, "this is a fatal mishap. In the very hour of my triumph I am thwarted. The youth Assad has gone, too, and I fear he and the girl have gone off together."

"But how could it have been?" returned Ozmud. "The maiden was affianced to the Syndic's son, and he kept her most close."

"Ah," uttered Califa, grinding his teeth at the thought, "Ben Hamed has been here before us."

"Not el Koord!" said the black, eagerly.

"Yes, the very man."

"But I thought him dead."

"I *hoped* he was dead, but it seems he was not. The most we have known concerning him is, that he had gone away, and that for many years no tidings have been heard of him. He has turned up now, however, and I know he has helped Assad away, and also am I sure that the maiden went at his will."

"Then we must commence our search again," said Ozmud.

"Ay," added Califa, with a new burst of rage, "commence again! By Allah, I would that my sword were at Ben Hamed's heart! To think that after all this trouble and vexation, I have found the prize only to lose it on the moment of discovery. After three long years of search, and the expense of more than a hundred full purses, thus to be beaten down in the moment of triumph! By Allah, 'tis too bad! But we have no time to lose. See you that our horses are ready, while I make inquiries at the gates to find by which way they passed out, for surely they would leave the city at once."

The slave made no reply save the accustomed silent token of submission, but went at once to perform the required duty, while the merchant went forth to make inquiries at the gates. He found at the gate of Abu Jaafar, that five persons had passed out from the city on the previous night, and from the description he could gain, he was sure that they were those he sought. So he returned at once to his khan and made speedy preparations for his departure.

In the meantime the Syndic of the money-changers went to the palace of the caliph to demand a search for his missing slaves, alleging as a reason for troubling the Commander of the Faithful with so trivial a matter, that there were enemies in the city who were enticing away the true believers of the slaves. Haroun al Raschid had not yet made his appearance in the audience chamber when Elkader arrived, so he was forced to wait. He had not been long there when he saw Ali Shir enter, and the two Syndics were soon in conversation.

"What brings you here?" asked the merchant.

"I have lost two of my best slaves," returned the money-changer.

"And for that reason you have sought the caliph?"

"Yes."

"How curious. I, too, have lost two of my best slaves," said Ali, "and have come hither to demand help from our prince."

"But mine were invaluable," resumed Elkader.

"And so were mine," responded Ali.

"Fifty thousand pieces of gold could not have bought mine."

"An hundred thousand could not have bought mine."

Elkader looked surprised.

"One of them was the beautiful maiden whom my son was to have married this very day, and the other was her own attendant."

"Ha!" uttered the money-lender, as a sudden gleam of light shot across his withered features, "when did they go?"

"Some time during the night last passed. I found my women made insensible with bhang this morning, and those two flown."

"So mine fled last night, and do you think it impossible that they have gone off together?"

"How? were yours females?"

"No. By Allah, do ye think women would run off together? By my beard, Ali Shir, thou shouldst know better than that. One of mine was the youth who brought the jewels for thee to select from, and the other was my slave Marouf. Now is it not possible that Assad may have seen your handsome slave girl?"

"Now by the holy temple of the Black Rock, my brother, you have touched my memory. On that very day when the dog came with the jewels he was left in my private room over half an hour, and I know that Morgiana went in unto him. By my beard, he was comely to look upon, for I remember how I marvelled at his exceeding beauty. Ere we see the caliph let us hasten away to the gates of the city and see if they have gone from the place."

Elkader assented to the proposition, and together the two Syndics set out, and when they arrived at the gate of Abu Jaafar, they learned that four persons answering the descriptions given, had passed out on the previous night. Their garbs were changed, but they were two males and two females, and one of the former was black, and huge in stature.

After this the two Syndics went to the cadi who lived in their quarter and demanded of him assistance in pursuing the fugitives, and it was quickly granted, for the officer owed much to the two wealthy men. So each of the Syndics sent one of their most trusty slaves, and with ten soldiers they set out upon the search.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SHADOW.

Rain and storm, but no shelter! Slowly the horses moved on through the dense wood, and at length the daylight came, and the clouds broke away, and the rain ceased falling. Yet the travellers were in the forest, and the heavy drops kept falling from the foliage as the gentle wind moved the branches. Awhile they stopped to let their horses rest and feed from the green herbage, and then they set forward again. They now travelled at a quick pace for over an hour, and at the end of that time Assad began to betray some uneasiness.

"Surely," he said, speaking to Marouf, "this distance through the wood seems long."

"We have not travelled very fast through the night," returned the black.

"I know that; but yet it appears to me that we should have been clear of the wood before daylight. Yet here we are, and I see no signs of the open country."

"Do you think we have lost the right way?" said Morgiana.

"We cannot have lost it, for we have surely kept in the only way that was open to us."

In half an hour more the sun could be seen, and then Assad found that he was travelling a little to the west of north.

"It should be to the east," said the maiden.

"But you must remember," suggested Assad, "that there may be many short turns and circuitous windings in the path."

"I realize all that, my beloved, but still a strange fancy has possessed me that we have been turning our faces to the west nearly half the night. I may be wrong, but so it appears to me. I cannot help thinking that we may have got turned in the darkness and storm."

"But how can that be when the path has been duly followed?"

"May there not have been another path branching off from the other? and may not our horses have taken it?"

"I hope not," was Assad's reply; but before he could speak further, he was aroused by a cry from Marouf, and on looking up he saw the open country ahead. The horses were urged on, and ere long the travellers came out upon a wide sandy plain, and as soon as they had ridden on far enough to look about them they stopped and gazed around. To their right hand arose a chain of high mountains, while ahead, the eye could but just reach over the plain.

"Are those not the mountains which were on our left hand last night?" asked Morgiana, pointing to those which were now to the eastward of them.

"They cannot be," answered Assad, confidently; "for see—they reach back of us many leagues, and it would have been impossible for us to have crossed them. So you see we are on the right way after all."

"But I have heard that there is a gorge through those mountains."

"Ay, and so there is, but it is hard to find and difficult of access. No—those must be the mountains we had last evening upon our left," he continued, pointing off to where the dim outlines of mountain tops could be seen to the southwest.

"I may be wrong, my beloved, so I will not dispute thee," returned Morgiana; and after this the party rode on.

The place was not wholly a desert, nor was it fertile, but the travellers saw no signs of water or fruit until near noon. The sand had drank up all the rain of the night before, and even now appeared dry, and in some places parched. But shortly after the sun had reached its meridian height a small oasis was discovered, and here the weary travellers sat down to rest and refresh themselves, and all save Marouf fell asleep, for they had been a long while without such repose. The faithful black kept watch for two hours, and at the end of that time he awoke Assad, and stated to him the hour. So the youth was thankful for the rest that had been afforded him, and having awakened Morgiana and Gulnare, they set out once more, and now travelled rapidly until the day closed, at which time they came to an oasis larger than the other, where they resolved to pass a part of the night.

Assad was now more troubled than he would confess, for this was nothing like the way he had expected to find. He had looked for a mountainous, wooded country, and hence he could not rid himself of the conviction that he had, after all, become entangled in confusion with respect to the road. But he spoke not a word to his beloved of his fears. He fashioned her a soft bed of leaves, upon which he spread a silken mantle, and when she had laid down he covered her with the raiment which had been provided for that purpose. As soon as she slept, he took Marouf aside and said to him:

"Marouf, what think you caused our horses to stop last night in the midst of the darkness and storm?"

"Since you have asked me, my master," replied Marouf, "I will reply. Then I thought they only saw something that startled them, but I have since had the conviction come upon me that they had at that time come to a point where the path divided in twain and branched out in opposite directions."

"And which path think you they took?"

"That which was the most travelled, my master, and where they smelled the newest track of their kind. And that must have been the path to Mosul!"

"By Allah, Marouf, I think thou art right. Yet 'twould be madness to retrace our steps, for we might never find the gorge through which our horses must have instinctively led us."

"You are right, my master."

"Then we will keep on, and if danger comes we must be prepared to meet it. But there may be no danger after all. We will not enter the city of Mosul, and surely we can find safe passage if we keep clear of that. Mokanna must have only meant that there were enemies in Mosul, and that we should run some risk in meeting them. But who shall know us? Who in Mosul can know me who have never been out of Bagdad before in my life? Let us go now and sleep, and when we have taken our rest, we will set forward, and leave the city upon our left."

So Assad went and lay down upon his mantle and covered himself with his coat, and as soon as Marouf had attended to the horses he did likewise.

As soon as the first dawn of day appeared in the east on the following morning, the party were on horse and on their way, and Assad kept as much to the right hand as possible, but a dense forest soon drove him to the westward, and he despaired of escaping the vicinity of Mosul. But he showed no fear, for he had made up his mind that there could not be much danger, and his cheerful manner soon restored joy to the bosom of Morgiana. Yet Assad kept close to the edge of the forest, and ere night he found himself upon the bank of a wide, deep river, the forest running close to it, so that he had barely room for passage, with the water upon his left hand, and the wood upon his right; but when he had passed this he saw an open country ahead, and a small village near at hand, and in this village he resolved to stop, for he was hungry, and his provisions were exhausted, and, moreover, it lacked but a few hours of night.

"Beloved of my soul," spoke Morgiana, after they had entered the wide plain, "why think you I am so joyful and devoid of fear?"

Assad was puzzled at the curious question, and only shook his head.

"Did you think that your lightness of manner had re-assured me that all was as we had first wished?" she continued.

"Speak plainly, love," said the youth, still puzzled.

"Then," resumed Morgiana, "you must know that I have read all your looks, and I know that we are not far from Mosul, and that we are also on the road where the merchants travel. I saw that you were cheerful for my sake, and I could do no less than be cheerful with you. Now we are about to stop in this village, and there may be men of Mosul here; and as we surely believe Mokanna to be a man of truth, we must heed his words. Let us take some precaution now, before we reach the khan, for we may thereby benefit ourselves."

Marouf and myself have already taken all the precaution in our power. We can do no more than be prepared to defend ourselves in case of need."

"That is not a precaution, Assad. That would only be the force of resistance which every living thing may use. Let me advise you. Now cause Marouf to remain behind, and let us three go on without him. We are your two slaves, and you are a merchant of Aleppo. Afterwards let Marouf come, but he must not know us unless he hears something said of danger to us, and then his communication must be private. If Marouf enters with us, and we are taken in a trap, he will assuredly be taken with us; but if he be an entire stranger to us, then, should danger befall us, he will be free to apprise us and aid us. What think you of it?"

"Most excellent, sweet one. By Allah, your wit exceeds my belief. It shall be done as you have said."

Thereupon Marouf was called, and the thing was opened to him, and he was pleased with it. He entered into the spirit of the plan at once, as though it had been one of his own forming. It was arranged that he should retire into the wood and wait there until nightfall, and then come to the village khan as though he had just arrived. And furthermore he was to represent himself as a messenger from Bagdad, sent on business to Amadah.

So the slave turned back, and Assad and the girls kept on until they reached the khan of the village, which they found to be well furnished. A private apartment was furnished for Morgiana and Gulnare, and they repaired to it at once, while the youth sat down in the lower room with the keeper. The sun was yet an hour high, and Assad would have walked forth, only he wished not to expose himself, so he took a small book from his pocket and commenced to read. Once he chanced to look up, and he noticed that the keeper of the khan was regarding him earnestly, but the gaze was quickly withdrawn when he met the publican's eye. But Assad's suspicion was aroused, and he determined to watch the

man's movements; so he drew his turban down over his eye in such a manner that he could hold his book up and watch the keeper without betraying the fact of so doing. His eye was now fixed upon the man, and he awaited the result. Ere long the publican took something from his bosom and gazed intently upon it for some moments, and then lifted his gaze to his guest. The youth could not see what it was he held in his hand, though a slight view of a single corner had the appearance of parchment.

As the keeper continued to look first upon the thing he held in his hand, and then upon him, the thought flashed through Assad's mind that the fellow had a written description of himself, and was thus comparing notes! If such was the case, then there must be danger at hand, for why should a description of himself be in such hands, but for the purpose of his arrest? These thoughts troubled him a little, but as he yet saw no signs of personal danger, he did not allow himself to entertain much fear.

At length our hero put up his book, and with a quick movement he turned towards his host. The latter individual hastily and clumsily concealed the parchment (for parchment it seemed to be) in his bosom, and shrank away from Assad's gaze like a guilty man. The youth resolved not to put aside his sword, and also to be careful of what transpired about him.

Ere long after this supper was announced, and the youthful traveller was conducted to the eating-room where he found only two others besides himself. They were evidently couriers, and made but little conversation.

Just at dusk Marouf came dashing up to the door, his horse all sweat and foam, and himself well covered with dust. Assad just obtained opportunity to speak a few words alone with the stout slave, and having informed him of what had already happened, and bade him watch narrowly all that transpired below, he went to seek Morgiana.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY DEEPENS.

Assad found Morgiana and her attendant sitting together in a small closet which overlooked the garden back of the khan, and they were looking out upon the stars, for the sun had gone, and the evening had so far advanced that the lamps of heaven were lit. The youth embraced his beloved, and he noticed that she was troubled, and he asked her the cause.

"You see that window," she replied, at the same time pointing to a small wicket in the wall of the adjoining room which communicated with the hall beyond.

Assad looked, and answered that he saw it, when upon Morgiana continued:

"While Gulnare and myself sat in that apartment before the day had gone, we saw an old woman peering in upon us, and holding something in her hand which she consulted ever and anon. I arose to go out to her, when she fled. Ere long afterwards, while we were eating of the food which had been sent up to us, we saw her again. Again I arose, and again the woman fled. Now what think you of it?"

Assad bowed his head, and remained a long while in thought, for he was troubled more than he dared confess.

"Keep nothing from me," said the maiden. "Tell me what has befallen you, for I saw by your countenance when you entered, that something had happened."

"In truth, then," replied Assad, "it has happened to me much as it has to you. The keeper of the khan has regarded me suspiciously; and he, too, held something in his hand which he consulted the while. Surely, Morgiana, there is something that savors of danger here. But what it is I cannot imagine."

"I do not mean to find cause of complaint, my beloved," the maiden said, "but I cannot help but hold the thought that all this comes of travelling in the dark—of pushing on when we could not know whither our steps were bent. Yet how strange seems our fate. Verily we are in the hands of One whose ways are as the deep midnight, and past finding out, and how shall we do better than to trust Him?"

Assad was pleased to find his companion so calm, and it had much influence on him for good. They conversed some time upon the strange things that had transpired, and the night was passing on, when they heard a noise at the window, and in a few moments more a dark object appeared above the sill.

"Be not afraid," spoke Marouf—for he it was—"but fasten your door, and then let me come in and acquaint you with what I have seen."

Assad fastened the door at once, and then Marouf entered at the window, where he had ascended by means of a stout grape-vine which grew against the wall.

"Now what is it?" asked the youth, anxiously.

"Listen, my master: When I arrived at this place, I put up my horse and entered the house, and then met you, as you remember. After you left me and came up here, I took my seat in the apartment where the keeper was, and he asked me whence I had come? I told him from Bagdad. Then he asked me if I had noticed the comely youth who was in that apartment when I came, and I told him I had noticed the youth on account of his marvellous beauty and finess of form; and then I asked him whence you had come, and his reply was vague, so that I understood him not. Soon the keeper called a boy to him and whispered some words into his ear, and then the boy hastened away. After that an hour passed, and then the boy returned, and with him came four stout men dressed in the garb of eunuchs, and they were of my own color, and with them were four more dressed as mamlooks; and they were all well armed. They came into the apartment where myself and the host were, and the host feared me not, for he spoke plainly before me. And he spoke these words to the leader of the mamlouks:

"'They are now in my khan—the youth and the damsel, and I know that I am not mistaken. Therefore take them away, and give me the reward which has been offered for them.'

"Then the mamlouk asked how he knew that the youth and the damsel were the ones he sought? and the keeper drew forth from his bosom a piece of parchment upon which I saw your likeness, my master. It was painted in fresh colors, and save that it was a picture, it was so like you that even your own mother would have kissed it and wept over it. The keeper then said that the youth was the exact counterpart of that picture. Then he called for his wife, and when she came, she drew another piece of parchment from her bosom, and my soul swelled with astonishment when I saw that upon it was an exact likeness of Morgiana. And the woman said that the damsel who occupied the apartment above was the same as the picture. Then the mamlouks conversed apart, and they made arrangements that you should be taken an hour after midnight. I heard this much, and then hastened to tell you."

"By Allah, this is most wonderful!" uttered Assad, turning pale and trembling. "O, for myself I care not; but thou, O, my beloved, art in danger, and how shall I help thee?"

But Morgiana did not betray much fear. She was calm and thoughtful, and after a while she said:

"We are surely encompassed, and our escape at the present time will be impossible. If we offer resistance to so many men, we shall only make our state more dangerous. Those people are of course the slaves of some powerful man, and if we submit we shall be conveyed away. Mosul is the nearest city, and that is two days' journey from here, so if they carry us to Mosul they will have to stop one night by the way. Therefore let Marouf still remain a stranger to us in this place, and if we are taken and carried away, he can then follow us, and thus be enabled perhaps, to help us. If we have to stop the next night by the way, I feel sure we can escape them, for myself and Gulnare came prepared with the weapons we could best use. Marouf can hang upon our way, and when the night comes be assured he can help us."

"Surely, my master," said the stout black, "her reasoning is good. I think I could overcome the four eunuchs and the four mamlouks, and should there come no other opportunity of escape, I should resort to my sword; but that had better not be attempted here, for in the melee you or the maidens might get more harm. Let it be as the Lady Morgiana has spoken. I will follow close upon your tracks until the next night comes, and then we can easily overcome your captors while part of them sleep; but if it should appear that they will not stop, then I will take some favorable opportunity when they are separated, and attack them openly, and I feel assured that our combined power—yours and mine—will suffice to crush them."

This arrangement pleased the youth, and without a word of objection or alteration he accepted the proposition.

"It does now appear," he said, "that Mokanna knew of our risk when he spoke, and the anxiety which racks my brain and my soul on account of this deep, dark mystery, is more than all fear of death could be. In all this marvellous work I cannot see one grain of reason, and were I not assured by signs which are unmistakable, I should say that I was surely in a dream all this time. Marouf, what can you make of it?"

"I know not all the circumstances," returned the black. "I only know that thou hast fled from Bagdad, and I supposed 'twas love for this beautiful maiden that caused the movement."

Thereupon, Assad took from his bosom the golden case which Mokanna had given him, and when the black had seen the picture within he was much moved.

"By my poor soul," he uttered, "this is wondrous beautiful, but 'tis no more like this lady here in feature, than was the one the keeper's wife had. Both are alike her exact self in transcript, only this is more excellently finished."

Then Morgiana showed to him her case in which was the picture of Assad, and he made the same remark upon it as he had made upon the other. And after this the youth related all that had happened concerning those two pictures, and when he had concluded, he said:

"Now give us thy opinion, Marouf, for thou mayest think unmoved by self, and by all prejudice, and the simple deductions of thy mind may hit nearer the truth than could all the reasoning of accomplished art."

The slave pondered awhile, and when he spoke, it was thus:

"First, my master, Mokanna's truth is evident, and were I in your place I would not call it in question. Second, you were never born in Bagdad—neither you nor your companion—but some wicked person who would profit in worldly matters by your absence, caused you to be stolen away and sold there when you were an infant. You have friends, and you have foes. Those who still receive benefit from your absence wish to kill you, or to remove you far from them, while those who are your friends, and who would receive benefit from your presence, wish your return to the place where you belong. By some strange means, you have both been discovered, probably by some family resemblance, and your pictures taken by some adroit person. These pictures have been copied, and they are now used by your enemies as a means of detection. As for Mokanna, it is evident enough that he is your friend, and that he is a wealthy and powerful man, and mayhap he has been working in Bagdad a long while to find you out. Thus, my master, run my thoughts."

Assad and Morgiana gazed upon each other for some moments, and at length the former spoke:

"Loved one, I must think that Marouf has spoken well."

"He has, most surely," returned the damsel; "and until we can find something of more palpable import, I think he has spoken the truth."

And yet, when the lovers came to reflect upon the matter, they found the mystery as deep as ever, though they had some slight clue to the cause of the danger that beset them. The course which Marouf was to pursue was clearly laid down, and then the slave departed by the same way he had come, and shortly afterwards Assad arose to depart to his own chamber, which was adjoining the one where Morgiana was to rest.

"I will not sleep," he said, "and no one can gain access here but by passing my door, or coming in at the window, which latter thing they will not surely do. I will not wholly close my door, and shall thus know if any one comes."

The youth then strained the fair one to his bosom, and he turned away quickly to hide his tears, for the thought of harm to her affected him more deeply than would the shade of death to himself.

"Alas!" murmured Morgiana, after her lover had gone, as she threw herself upon Gulnare's bosom, "if harm comes to Assad, I shall die. All this he is undergoing for love of me. O, he knows not how fondly, how truly, I love him."

But the slave girl comforted her mistress by reciting soft verses of hope from the Koran, and ere long her tears were wiped away, and she slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MATELESS ROBIN.

Solitary leaves are dropping—
Slowly dropping, slowly dropping,
Sadly wending and descending
Silently towards the ground;
Soft autumnal winds are sighing
O'er the withered relics lying,
And the barren boughs replying,
Breathe a melancholy sound,—
Ay, the barren boughs replying,
Breathe a sad and solemn sound,
Like the murmuring of spirits
All around.

From the midst of yonder laurel,
Slowly steals a mellow carol—
Not of gladness, but of sadness,—
Ay, there's sadness in the strain;
'Tis a lonely robin yearning
For his absent mate's returning;
Hapless robin! cease thy mourning,
All thy sorrow is in vain;
Poor robin! stay thy mourning,
For, alas, thy grief is vain;
Thou wilt see thy absent partner
No'er again.

Cease thy sad, pathetic wailing;
Grieve no more, 'tis unavailing;
Though she tarry, blithe and merry
Let thy carol ever be;
No'er indulge in vain repining,
While the sun is warmly shining,
And thy fellow-minstrel's pining,
Warble light and merrily.—
While thy brothers, all combining,
Carol blithe and merrily,
Why art thou alone lamenting
Dolefully?

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

It was the night before Christmas. Bitter cold indeed, but the full, round moon was shining brightly, and the frosty panes showed a beautiful tracery, which none but the air-spirits can weave.

Out in the country, there were broad, snuelled fields of purest white, which the moon looked on lovingly; and which sent back from their shining crust bright sparkles as from a bed of diamonds.

The road was darkened by the traces of the sleds which were carrying heavy loads of wood from the forest, but everywhere else, the snow lay in its white, unbroken beauty.

There was a bright light from Squire Homer's windows, and gay figures were flitting here and there, through the large rooms, and now and then a carriage stopped at the gate, and deposited its load of cloaks and furs. Then the wide hall door would open, and Miriam Homer, "sole daughter of the house and home," would run down the steps in the bright moonlight, and welcome some expected Christmas guest.

In a narrow lane behind the squire's house, there was a faint glimmer from the window of Anna Hall, the lame straw braider, to whose gate no footsteps had come since the morning, when her sister Mattie had gone to her day's work at Squire Homer's. The poor sickly girl, thus left to herself through the bitter cold day, with scanty fire to warm her fingers, as they plied their task unceasingly, had fretted herself almost sick, at her sister's long absence. And with the jealous peevishness which grew, partly out of her helpless state, and partly from her natural disposition, she talked aloud to herself as she sat by her dim lamp.

"Hard enough to sit here all day, with only this little box of wood, in reach of me, and I not able to stir. Mattie little thinks of me, when she is up at the squire's, eating and drinking the best, and I have to feed upon dry bread and a cup of water-gruel. And here it is the night before Christmas, too, and they all have their Christmas presents yonder, and I don't know how it is, but it seems to me, nobody in the world is so poorly off as I am."

Down by the old tavern there is a knot of red noses, ragged, miserable-looking beings, from whom the manhood seems to have almost died out, and whose empty pockets, probably, forbid the thought of entering their old haunt; since money alone can procure the hospitality of the blazing fireside.

So there they stand, shivering and cowering, in their rags, afraid to enter the place which their own wasted substance has helped to support; and casting their envious glances through the windows at those of their own set who have been fortunate enough to possess a few coppers for the evening's carousal. How it galls them to hear the laugh and the song from the lips of the drunken brotherhood! And yet they are unconsciously chained to the spot, and will not leave it as long as the orgies continue, although some of them are half frozen.

Blessed Jesus! *even for such as these* was thy coming! Even to these—sunken, miserable and degraded—did the divinest inspiration utter, "Peace on *earth*—good will to *men!*" Not alone to those who, with fewer temptations, and stronger organizations, and ampler means, sustain themselves above want and disgrace—but, thank God! to *all*. Even in these, underneath this dark and dismal crust of misery and despair, there is yet a remnant of humanity.

Dimmed, darkened, lustreless as it is, it is still there; awaiting the moment when it may be rescued from its depths, and shine, though with feeble ray, to give light and hope to other despairing ones of earth!

At a little shop window on the village street, there was an unwonted display of cheap but showy toys, tempting cakes, and baskets of fruit, where the rosy-cheeked apples had been rubbed till they shone, and bunches of raisins were arranged as if by a neat and tidy hand.

Inside the shop, was Mary Kennedy and her little blind brother, Willie; the former a clean, rosy child about eleven years old, and the latter somewhat paler and thinner, yet, with a cheerful and contented smile around his mouth, responding pleasantly to the greetings of Mary's little customers, as they gathered around her counter, counting their store of coppers to see whether they could buy the wooden horse for Jemmy at home, and the painted doll for Maggie.

Mary was patient with their various decisions which were altered a dozen times, and was not at all cross when they teazed her about the prices; so that although there was a busy hum of voices all over the little shop, there were no loud words of anger heard there, throughout the whole evening.

On the contrary it was pleasant to hear them, as they stood, whispering to each other their pity for poor Will Kennedy, who could not see their pretty purchases; and to see how softly they took the thin white hand which he extended to his little friends.

So much did Willie enjoy this unusual gathering in Mary's little shop, that his grandmother came several times to the door to remind him that his bed time was at hand; but seeing him so engaged and happy, she would go back to her kitchen fire, to bake more cakes for the ready purchasers.

In this kitchen sat William Kennedy, the father of the children, and the son of the woman who was baking the cakes. He was bolstered up in a great chair by the fire, coughing painfully, and evidently in a declining state. Since his wife's death, his mother had kept his family together, and she was waiting upon him as tenderly as she did in his childhood. In the intervals of his choking cough, he conversed pleasantly about her work, and praised Mary's patient ways with the children. A shadow sometimes crossed his face, perhaps at the thought that he should not see another Christmas on earth, but it soon passed, leaving his countenance serene and placid.

"If I could but see Robert once more, mother," said he, "and know that he would take care of you and the children, I should die happy."

His mother turned away her eyes that had been dwelling thoughtfully upon his sunken face, and busied herself again over the fire, not daring to answer him, lest her tears should be seen by him.

Robert was her youngest son, who had left his home years ago, for "a life on the ocean wave," and from whom they had not had any intelligence for a long time.

While the children of the village were thus employed, the pleasant bustle still went on at Squire Homer's. Unconsciously, Mattie Hall had outstaid her usual hour of returning home to her sister. Her work, a gay Christmas dress for Miriam Homer, was not quite finished; and Miriam herself, had hindered the work, by making her wait for directions, while she was receiving the friends who had come to pass the Christmas holidays with the family. She would run in for a moment, and speak kindly to her friend Mattie, for such she considered her, and then away to the room where a great Christmas tree had been set up, and where she and her cousin Tom had been helping her Aunt Mary mark the presents which were afterwards hung upon its branches.

But now the work was finished and tried on, and pronounced beautiful by all the cousins, Tom included, who rushed into the work-room to see it; and Mattie hastened to go, for she was anxious and worried about Anna. As she went out at the side door, Mrs. Homer brought a large basket which she told one of the farm boys to carry home for Miss Hall, while Miriam ran after her, to say that she must be there the next evening, at seven o'clock, for she wanted her to see the tree, before it was stripped.

She found Anna half asleep, and when she roused her, she was peevish and fretful, and reproached her with staying out late, and leaving her to bear the cold and hunger alone; nor did she cease, until Mattie had made up a blazing fire, and brought from the basket which Mrs. Homer had sent, a loaf of nice bread, a chicken, and some tea which she soon made for her. She then gathered up the scattered straw from Anna's work, and assisted her to bed, talking pleasantly all the while of the doings at the squire's.

When Anna was asleep, Mattie sat down by the fire, and began to sew a dress which she intended to wear to church the next day. She had hardly begun when a knock was heard at the door, and a man, who was muffled in a large scarf about his face and neck, brought in a heavy box, and before she could speak, he disappeared.

The box contained a quantity of clothing materials, of foreign manufacture, and which Mattie was sure, came from India. There were silks, muslins, and quantities of fine cottons, enough to set up a pedler's whole stock, leaving her in the utmost wonder, as to her visitor.

Meantime, the children had made their purchases at Mary Kennedy's shop, and, one by one, were dropping off to their homes, when a large, stout man, well wrapped up, entered the shop, and began examining Mary's little stock of hosiery and gloves.

He then asked her many questions, in a low voice, about the family, and drew from her the history of her father's illness, and of her grandmother's care of him as well as of herself and blind Willie.

"I hear Uncle Robert's voice," said little Willie, as his grandmother came into the shop, to lead him to bed; "I know it is Uncle Robert. Don't take me away, grandmother."

The man looked up, at Mrs. Kennedy's gaze. "It *is* your son Robert, mother," he began to say, but she had nearly fallen to the floor, had he not held her with his strong grasp. The joy had nearly deprived her of her senses, but she waked to welcome her long lost child, while Mary, thoughtful as she ever was of her father, stole softly in, and whispered the news in his ear.

"Thank God!" was all he could utter, as he laid his emaciated hand in the brother's strong one, and wept on his shoulder; "thank God, for this Christmas eve!"

Robert folded his brother's children to his heart, and promised never to desert them; and Willie, whose nice sense of hearing had detected his voice, softly whispered:

"If I could but *see* you, dear uncle!"

"And so you shall, my boy," said the bluff sailor; "if there is a doctor in America that can cure you. I have paid one visit before this," he said, after a pause. "I suppose you know where that was, brother William!"

"Yes, I should hardly have forgiven you myself, had you not stopped to see Mattie Hall, as you came along; and besides, we could better spare you before we knew you had come home than we can now."

"She shall not live in that miserable place much longer," said Robert. "Luckily, I have enough to provide for you all. Our little shopkeeper here shall give away her remaining stock to the children round here, and she must go to school; and you, dear William, must have that cough cured; and Willie's eyes must be restored—and perhaps, poor Anna Hall's lameness can be made less painful, though of course, she can never walk again—but then you know, she can ride; and she *shall* ride, poor thing!" And the generous-hearted sailor ran on in his benevolent scheming for others, and seemed to think that his hardly earned gold was only for their benefit.

"But I must run back," said he, laughing; "for I did not tell Mattie who I was, and by this time she has got through with the inventory of the goods I left in her care."

Mattie heard his step on the hard snow-crust. A note at the bottom of the box had told her all, and she was not slow in welcoming the true-hearted sailor, whose memory she had always cherished, and whose supposed death she had sincerely mourned.

Twelve o'clock! The lights had disappeared in the village, and the full, round moon looked down on the peaceful landscape, as it lay, serene and motionless, under her beaming light. Since her rising, hearts that were troubled and anxious had been stirred with a joy that has no utterance in language; and there were other hearts, too, that beat high with hopes unknown before—for on that evening, the beautiful Miriam had heard a story of long cherished love, from lips which she had sometimes hoped *would* speak it; and her father had consented to *think* about it between this and the next Christmas.

CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

A map of the catacombs of Paris has just been published, or rather seventeen maps, giving an atlas of this immense and intricate system of quarries which underlays the tenth part of the whole city. The building materials of Paris for 1000 years were taken from these quarries. The extent of these excavations was so lost sight of during the 17th century, that it was with great surprise revealed to the citizens in 1774 that the streets and houses in the *communes* Gentily, Montrose and Vaugirard were in danger of sinking every day. At length a house in the vicinity of Boulevard Neuf was one night buried in an abyss of eighty feet depth, when an examination was set on foot at the expense of the city, and labors have been carried on from that day to this to prevent further accidents. The whole of this cavernous maze has now been explored in every direction, the streets and roads running above have been ascertained, and props, pillars, supports and buttresses have been erected wherever they seemed necessary, so that at present it appears the Parisians may sleep in quiet. At least, one is led to this conclusion by the fact that the works, which in former years reached the average of 100 000 francs, have been reduced, for the present year, to 5000.—*Foreign Correspondent Boston Post.*

IS THAT YOUR RAW-HIDE?

The physical appearance of a man sometimes changes the current of events. A case in point occurred lately. The children of two neighboring families had their quarrels and fights, which resulted occasionally in bruised faces and torn garments. The father of one family, believing his children to have been sadly maltreated, and being a passionate man, concluded that the surest way to settle the difference between their households permanently, would be to chastise the head of the other family, although, as yet, he had never seen him. He thereupon procured a raw-hide, and abruptly entering his neighbor's tenement inquired, in a threatening tone, for the "man of the house." "I am here, sir," said a personage upwards of six feet, and weighing some 220, as he approached to learn the business of his neighbor. "Did I understand you that you were the gentleman of the house?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I—I just dropped in, sir, to see if this was your raw-hide?"—*Michigan Herald.*

WOLVES IN INDIA.

A singular document has been published, showing that within a recent period 600 children have been destroyed by wolves in Punjaub; nearly 1000 were some twenty years ago slaughtered in the same way around Agra. The ornaments of the infants are generally found in the dens where their poor little bodies are devoured, and those who make a trade in getting possession of the plunder thus provided to their hands, have created an impression among the people, that the village, in which a wolf is killed, is sure to come to ruin; and the ferocious brutes, when caught, are frequently set free with a bell around their neck.—*India and the East.*

STINGING ANT.

In Australia there is a species of ant about an inch long, called the "bull-dog," which stings with its tail as fiercely as a wasp. They are very tenacious of life, and the only way to kill them is to crush them to pieces. Speaking of them, Wm. Howitt says, "as to killing them by cutting them to pieces, that is hopeless; cut them in two, and the head will immediately seize the body, and gripe it fiercely with its nippers, and the tail will sting away at the head. They never trouble themselves to die."—*Australian Researches.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WINTER THOUGHTS.

BY M. T. MCELVEY.

Hark! the winter winds are sighing,
Melancholy sounds they bear;
Semblance of some mortal dying
In despair!

Winter cometh in her sadness,
Chill and bitter is her breath,
Each blast, in its seeming madness,
Whispers death!

We no more with pleasure listen
To the gay bird's joyous tone;
To a fairer land of sunshine,
She has flown.

And like dim and ghostly spectres,
Snowy garments o'er them flung,
Peer the tree-tops in the distance,
Where she sung.

Fairest flowerets, which we cherished
In the genial summer sun,
Blighted by the blasts, have perished
One by one.

Not one gem of beauty lingers,
To relieve the darksome pall;
Winter lays her icy fingers
On them all!

Swiftly, swiftly all is fading,
Leaving sublunary dearth;
Melancholy seems pervading
All the earth!

But beyond these clouds of darkness,
Stretch the fairer sun-lit skies;
What afflictions seem, are blessings
In disguise.

'Tis to turn from earth our vision,
Things are touched with gloomy hand,
And to fix it on th' Elysian,
Better land:

Where perpetual music swelleth,
In a purer atmosphere,
And perennial beauty dwelleth
All the year.

Why, then, mourn that God's decreeing
Things of earth thus to decay;
We are hastening, as time's fleeing,
Far away.

Let us welcome the new-comer—
Let us learn what she imparts;
May there ever dwell a summer
In our hearts.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE COMMODORE'S FLIRTATION.

BY FREDERICK WARD SAUNDERS.

"Come, Jack, spin us a yarn, will you? or do something to pass the time; for, to my thinking, we are getting confoundedly dull," remarked one of a party of midshipmen, who were lazily reclining upon the various articles of furniture pertaining to their somewhat limited quarters, with their hands and feet firmly hooked on to some stationary object, to prevent their being thrown into the lee scuppers by the violent motion of the ship, as she plunged heavily through the opposing waves in her homeward track across the stormy North Atlantic. "Come, Jack, how about that yarn?" he repeated, as the individual addressed made no sign.

"What yarn? I don't know any. I've told you all the yarns I can remember," responded Jack, bringing himself to a sitting position, and brushing the heavy black curls from his handsome forehead. "What sort of a story would you like?"

"O, anything; I'm not particular. You must be able to give us a good nautical story—you are naughty enough, everybody knows."

"I think that epithet will apply to more than one on board this ship," returned Jack, with a grin. "But did I ever tell you how Tommy Tompkins circumnavigated the commodore when we were up the straits, in the Sônepunkins' last cruise? You know Tommy, don't you? Well, it was at the tail end of the cruise he joined us, while we were laying at Gibraltar, and a jolly good fellow he was, as ever carried a glass into a top. But he was rather too fond of a lark, now and again, to get along very smoothly with the superior officers. That, however, did not make him any the less liked by the mids, as you may suppose.

"He succeeded, before leaving Gibraltar, in gaining the ill will of the commodore by a trick or two played upon him; but Tommy cared little for that, as we were so soon to be homeward bound. However, nothing very serious occurred, until, leaving Gibraltar, we hauled round to Marseilles. The ship was to lay there some time, and we (always meaning the mids) promised ourselves no little fun running about the town to the theatres, opera-houses, and the like, to say nothing of a little flirting, upon an occasion, that, of course, being understood. Nor were we altogether disappointed in our expectation. The first two or three weeks, nearly all of us were ashore daily, and you may believe, we let slip no opportunity of diverting ourselves at any one's expense. The commodore was ashore almost constantly, and it was not long before Tommy—who was always prying into everybody's affairs—discovered that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with an alarmingly pretty little gipsey, the daughter of a high municipal officer of the city. How Tommy discovered the fact, I am unable to say, or by what means he managed to find out that the commodore was to accompany the young lady to the opera the following evening, I am equally ignorant; but I do know, that when he made known his discovery, we were all seized with an irresistible desire to behold the potent damsel who had captivated the U. S. Mediterranean squadron, and the easiest method to accomplish this desirable object was unanimously voted to be to [illegible] for the ensuing opera night.

"With [illegible] object in view, Tommy spent the next day waiting at the box office to ascertain which one would be taken by the American commodore, and this accomplished, to secure the box adjoining. Accordingly, when the evening arrived, it found us four mids—which were as many of us as could obtain leave—in a private box at the Royal Opera; and a very absurd figure we made, I've no doubt, with our affectation and our airs. But excessive self-esteem is, I believe, a characteristic of midshipmen, as any one at all acquainted with either of you chaps, can attest.

"The opera was a brilliant one. Sontag sang delightfully; but in our impatience for the commodore, we paid little heed to anything beside. The first act passed, and he did not make his appearance. We began to fear he had postponed his coming, altogether, but the fates had not dopmed us to disappointment on that night. Soon after the commencement of the second act, with no little bustle and confusion, the commodore entered his box with a most bewitching young lady leaning confidingly on his arm, and accompanied by an elderly lady and gentleman, in all probability her parents; though whether they were or not matters as little to this story as their presence did to the commodore, who, without doubt, heartily wished them at home, as they, it is reasonable to suppose, would have been, were it allowable in France for a young lady to appear in public with a gentleman, who accompanied by a *chaperon*. We were all prodigiously struck with the beauty of the commodore's lady, which, in some degree, mitigated our surprise that such a man as our respected and venerable and—as we, at least, considered—unutterably ill-natured commander should have his tough old heart pierced by a shaft from Cupid's bow.

"Separating our box from the one adjoining was a partition, sufficiently elevated to prevent occupants of one box overlooking the other, though not so high but by standing upon the seats, we could see all that took place, and what was more, hear all that was said by either the commodore or his lady. The curtains in front of the box effectually screened us from being observed by other persons in the house, and our friends had no sooner taken their seats, than our four faces, looking very saucy and impertinent, I dare say, and resembling so many cherubim, in having no visible bodies, were protruded over the partition, our chins resting composedly upon its upper edge, from whence we gazed serenely upon the scene of love-making beneath us.

"The old boy's heart was evidently touched, a fact which completely overturned the unanimous decision to which we had often arrived, at times when the commodore was more than ordinarily ugly, to wit, that not one spark of human feeling, sympathy, or affection, found a resting-place beneath the double gilt breast buttons of his blue uniform coat. But his words and actions, on this occasion, removed the erroneous impression from our minds, altogether. Even *we*, in fact, who by no means thought any small things of ourselves, could not but envy the easy grace of his manner, and the irresistible air with which he whispered no end of fine things to the fair being at his side.

"She, on her part, not only encouraged his addresses by a thousand coquettish airs and speeches, but seemed highly flattered by his attentions, as also did her parents, a circumstance which excited no little wonder in our unsophisticated hearts, knowing, as we did, that the young lady's family were highly respectable, and as jealous of their honor as the noblest Frenchman of them all; while, at the same time, not only was the commodore already provided with a wife—albeit, by no manner of means so pretty, or so gentle as his present love—but an anchor watch of grown up daughters, who might readily have passed for her elder sisters. But we were yet to learn that a long life as a roving sailor begets a tact and ability in love affairs, of which, till then, it had not entered into our hearts to conceive.

"The commodore, after a profusion of florid speeches (which, I grieve to say, were not, in all respects, in such strict accordance with truth as would have become a high official of the U. S. naval service, and shed lustre upon the flag of this overwhelmingly glorious republic), addressed to his fair one with that low tone of voice in which all experienced lovers delight, gradually passed from the light and sportive to the sentimental style of conversation—the burden of his song being the hard fate of sailors in general, and himself in particular, in that he was deprived, for so great a portion of his existence, of the enchanting society of females.

"This sentiment struck our truthful young minds as rather curious, to say the least, he not having been at sea for nobody knows how many years, previous to that cruise. But when, warming with the subject, he, with a whole broadside of killing glances, began to deplore the excessive and unremitting services his country required of him, the which had been the cause of his leading the lonely life of a bachelor, but which circumstance he *now* felt (a perfectly murdering glance at mademoiselle) had been ordained by a kind fate that he might be free in hand, as well as heart, when the only woman to whose shrine he could bow with perfect adoration, crossed his path—when, I say, the wretched hypocrite had proceeded thus far, the thought of what his wife—who, if report speaks true, makes her loving lord walk Spanish when within hail of her voice—would say, could she behold him at that moment, came upon us with such ludicrous vividness, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could restrain our mirth; indeed, poor Tommy did not succeed in checking his laughter, and before he could remove his head from the wrong side of the partition, an ill suppressed giggle, which found vent, in spite of himself, startled the commodore, who, looking upward, at one glance took in our four unfortunate faces.

"The look with which he regarded us was well calculated to inspire us with the extremest reverse of pleasant sensations, and it was with visions of all manner of courts-martial flitting vaguely through our heads, that we slunk down into our seats. It was no joke, I assure you, making an enemy of the commodore, for he was a terrible man, and by no means to be made light of when pacing the deck of his own flag-ship. So long as our fun was undiscovered, we enjoyed the joke immensely, but now that we had been caught in the very act of playing the eaves-dropper upon, and making game of the commodore, it was a decidedly serious affair. To be dishonorably discharged from the service, was the very least I expected, for my share in the business. It was, therefore, with extremely long and sheepish-looking faces, we sneaked out of the theatre, down to the boat, and back on board of the ship, where, snugly stowed in our hammocks, we awaited, in fear and trembling, the return of the offended commodore. But although he came on board at the accustomed hour, we heard nothing from him that night; and the following morning, notwithstanding the certainty we felt that something dreadful was about to occur, he went on shore, as usual, without speaking to us, or, so far as we knew, to any one concerning us, contenting himself with bestowing a fearful scowl upon us, as we stood by the gangway, when he passed over to the boat.

"The sudden transition from fear and apprehension to a feeling of safety, put us in the highest possible spirits, and we laughed at ourselves and joked each other hugely upon our late fears, wondering how we could have been so stupid as not to consider that the commodore could not inflict any very serious punishment upon us without exposing himself, which he would naturally be rather loth to do. In view of this fact, we felt assured of safety so long as we maintained a wise silence touching his flirtation. Accordingly, throwing dull care to the winds, and donning our newest and best uniforms, we proceeded to request the officer of the deck for permission to go on shore, as usual. The first luff—who had the deck—regarded us with a grim smile as we approached to make known our wishes.

"'So you want to go on shore, do you, young gentlemen?' he remarked, with a malicious grin, as Tommy meekly preferred his request for a day's liberty. 'Well, it gives me sincere pleasure to inform you, that all four of you have put your feet for the last time on the soil of France, during this cruise, at least.'

"'May I ask, sir, of what have we been guilty, to have our liberty stopped?' persisted Tommy, respectfully touching his hat, as the first luff turned to continue his walk across the deck.

"'You are the best judges of that, yourselves,' he returned, with evident gratification at our chop-fallen appearance. 'I only know that it is the old man's wish for you to remain on board while the ship lays at Marseilles.'

"'And how long is she likely to lay here?' we inquired, with no little interest.

"'Two months, perhaps three, possibly longer, for the commodore is in no hurry to leave, at present, I believe; and I will tell you, young gentlemen, as a friend, you had better not get in the old man's way, at present, for I can assure you, he could find it in his heart cheerfully to string you all up to the yard arm; and, in my opinion, he could render the country no greater service, not particularly for this last prank of yours, whatever it may be, but for your disgusting and villanous behaviour generally. And I think every one would justify him in inflicting such a punishment. For my own part, I think I never beheld four persons, in whose countenances crime and villany of the deepest dye were more strongly depicted, than in yours. That will do, young gentlemen; you can now go to your duty.'

"So saying, he continued his walk, glancing at us, occasionally, over his shoulder with a look so full of gratified malice, that I could have cheerfully decapitated him, had it been in my power to do so. There was no contradicting his remarks concerning our personal appearance, even if the rules of the service allowed us to enter into an argument with our superior officer; so, with hearts full of all uncharitableness, we proceeded below and divested ourselves of our now useless go-ashore garments. You may be sure, the time hung heavily enough upon our hands. Had the ship been at sea, we could have borne the confinement, and thought it no hardship, whatever; but to be laying where we were, within sight of the city, to see our fellow mids—who, not having been connected with our unfortunate frolic, were not deprived of their liberty—going and coming from the city, at their own sweet will, and bringing us news of all sorts of adventures, was perfectly unbearable. And more than all, our innocent little flirtations were being interfered with by our mischievous shipmates, who set themselves at work to 'cut us out,' as they were pleased to term the—to us—decidedly unpleasant operation, adding the pangs of jealousy to our already sufficient disquietude, and a very sulky set of midshipmen we were, indeed, for the succeeding three or four weeks.

"Innumerable were the plans formed to compass our liberty, and almost as quickly rejected as impracticable. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected the commodore would be disposed to forgive our insolence, even if he did not fear we might play another and still more provoking trick upon him. All but Tommy gave up the hope of regaining our liberty, while at Marseilles, but he was not the person to despair of anything. He was determined, he said, to have his shore-leave again, or that the ship should leave Marseilles, and that speedily. Either object seemed to us unattainable to us, that we gave little heed to his repeated asseverations that he would accomplish no less. Accordingly, it was with no little surprise and wonder that we listened, one evening, to his declaration that he was going on shore that very night.

"'How? What do you intend to do?' we asked, with no little earnestness. 'Not desert, surely?'

"'No, not so bad as that,' he replied; 'but I think it's nothing more than right to put an end to our imprisonment, or attempt it, at all events.'

"We assented to this with great unanimity.

"'And I think it is equally proper that the young woman, whom the commodore is hoaxing at such an unmerciful rate, should be relieved from his addresses.'

"'And so you intend to inform her that he is a married man, do you?' A nice little mare you are preparing for yourself. Her very first act would be to inform the commodore of your officiousness.'

"'O, no,' returned Tommy, 'you don't understand it, at all. I'm only going to make the old man a little jealous, that's all, and that will do our business for us, as well as him, I'm thinking. I have made up my mind to go ashore to-night, and as there is but one boat—the commodore's—going, I must go in her.'

"'Impossible!' we all cried in the same breath. 'There is no possible chance to stow away out of sight. You would be discovered in an instant.'

"'I do not intend to stow away,' he replied. 'Getting on shore will be the simplest part of it. Indeed, that is already arranged. I've made friends with the boat's crew, and am to go in disguise as one of their number, and pull the bow oar. The night will be dark, and the chances are altogether in my favor.'

"The experiment was a dangerous one, but Tommy was not to be deterred. Accordingly, at the accustomed hour, which was considerably after dark, the commodore's gig was piped away, and Tommy, with a sailor's white duck frock and trousers over his uniform, slipped into the boat along with the boat's crew. A moment after, the commodore passed over the gangway, and the boat started for the shore. So far, all was well. Tommy had said truly, getting on shore was the easiest part of the affair; but he was equal to almost any emergency that required only perseverance and impudence, or rather 'brass,' to use a very expressive term. Upon reaching the stairs, the commodore, with the order to be ready to start at any moment, proceeded up the pier, while Tommy, divesting himself of his outside garments, leaving him in his very pretty uniform, quickly followed.

"The commodore was a spacious and heavy man, whose step had lost some of the elasticity and speed of youth, so that Tommy quickly overtook and passed him. He knew, by the unusual care the old gentleman had bestowed upon his toilet, that his destination was the residence of his fair one; so hastening onward, with all possible speed, to the distant quarter of the town in which she resided, he arrived, as nearly as he could judge, about ten minutes before the commodore could possibly traverse that distance.

"Marching boldly up to the door, he rang and was admitted. His inquiry for mademoiselle was answered by his being shown into a parlor, in the rear of which, and opening out of it, was a large conservatory, in which was the lady herself busied in arranging a bouquet.

"The situation in which he stood was so favorable to his plan that he at once proceeded to the part of the room where she was, as rapidly as possible, to prevent her approaching nearer the door than she was at the moment. She recognized his uniform as belonging to our tremendously gallant navy, and with a sweet smile, answered his salutation, doubtless thinking he bore a message from the commodore.

"To discover whether she understood English, he accosted her in that mellifluous tongue; but her look of surprise convinced him that he was all right upon that head. So far, all had gone better than he could have hoped. His main object, now, was to pass the time in some manner until the arrival of the commodore. With this object in view, he commenced a long rigmarole speech, in his frightfully imperfect French, taking care to get into such a position that the lady would be back towards the door, while he partially faced it.

"She seemed surprised at the total want of sense and reason in the speech that he was with no little difficulty composing; but the ludicrous accent which he contrived to affect kept her in good nature the few minutes that elapsed before the commodore's arrival.

"The rooms were large, and the Turkey carpet soft and thick, so that any one, coming in by the door at which he had entered, would scarcely be heard by a person in the conservatory whose attention was engaged, as here was, with the tale which Tommy was delivering as slowly as possible, and which he intended her to understand as a prelude to a message of some sort. He began to get quite alarmed, as minute after minute elapsed and the commodore did not come. He felt that his story must be brought to a close some time, and how to get out of the scrape, in case he did not come at all, was rather more than even he could imagine; but his ingenuity was not called in requisition for that purpose. As he kept his eye upon the door, it gently opened, and the commodore stepped into the room, but stopped short, upon seeing a gentleman in conversation with the lady. Fortunately, the very slight noise occasioned by his entrance did not attract her attention, and Tommy, resuming his native English, and raising his voice sufficiently to be heard by the commodore, threw himself into an interesting stage attitude, and, notwithstanding the amazed look of the young lady, went on as follows:

"'Say once again you love me, dearest Marie. O, how kind of you, to remove my jealous frenzy! Repeat those words again and never, never will I doubt you more. Repeat once more that you adore and detest the commodore, for, dearest Marie, I have been jealous even of him, although you *do* call him a silly, conceited old booby, whom you only encourage for the sake of the presents he makes you. But how is it possible, dearest Marie, that you have been able to make him believe, all this time, that you did not understand English? I should think the old goose would—'

"But the commodore, who had been turning all sorts of colors during this pretty little speech, stopped to hear no more, but jerking open the door, rushed out, closing it after him with a furious bang.

"Tommy's object was accomplished; and leaving the lady the picture of bewilderment, he, too, fled, and rushed with all speed for the boat. Nor was he a minute too soon, for scarcely had he arrayed himself in his frock and trousers, and taken his seat at the bow oar, when the commodore, puffing and panting, made his appearance, and throwing himself into the stern sheets, ordered the boat back to the ship, in a voice like the roaring of a winter's gale. With the silence and rapidity always observed in the naval service, the boat was propelled through the water, the ship's side reached, and the commodore, rushing up the gang ladder, bellowed for the officer of the deck. The first luff, who had the deck, was on the spot in an instant.

"'How dare you, sir,' he fiercely growled, as that functionary made his appearance, 'how dare you allow any one to leave the ship against my express orders?'

"'To what do you allude, sir?' inquired the first luff, in astonishment. 'I was not aware that any one had disobeyed your orders.'

"'But they have, sir—they have, and you know it. What boat has left the ship, since dark?'

"'None besides your own, sir.'

"'Then, how, let me ask, does it happen that one, or perhaps all, of those confounded midshipmen, are prowling about the city? By Jupiter, they shall be expelled from the service. Every one of them that has been on shore to-night—'

"'I think you must be mistaken, sir; the midshipmen are all on board—'

"'I tell you they are not. Don't dispute me, sir—don't do it,' he yelled, in a rage. "Turn up the midshipmen and see who is missing.'

"The word was passed for the mids, and in no time we were on the quarter deck, Tommy, who had had ample time to divest himself of his externals, among us, looking, at the very least, ten per cent. meeker than Moses.

"'You perceive they are all on board, sir. It is utterly impossible that any one of them could have been on shore to-night,' said the first luff, triumphantly.

"As we all filed before the astonished commodore, he gazed piercingly at Tommy, but his honest look of perfect innocence dispelled whatever suspicion there might have been in his mind.

"'Is it possible I could have been so mistaken?' muttered the commodore, with a bewildered air; 'probably some chap belonging to that English frigate.' Then turning away with something very like an oath, he ordered the first luff to have everything in readiness to heave up anchor at daybreak.

"Next day, the ship left Marseilles, and after a pleasant run, dropped anchor in the bay of Naples, where, as the commodore had no flirtation on hand, we were not deprived of our shore liberty."

EVENING HOURS FOR MECHANICS.

"What," says the North of Scotland Gazette, in an article in favor of the early closing of shops, "what have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours' toil. What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hearken to these facts:

"One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the best writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of a London daily journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter on the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhyne; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a sadler at Huntly; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow; and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clarke, her majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff. Joseph Hume was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the pestle and mortar in Montrose; Mr. McGregor, the member for Glasgow, was a poor boy in Ross-shire; James Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule."

THE POOR BOYS OF FRANCE.

On the place du Trone, we passed a regiment of soldiers coming in from Vincennes. Many of them were beardless, soft-cheeked boys, learning their first steps to Sebastopol. It is sad to see those peasant youth, wearing still the ruddy brown brought from their quiet house, fitted into soldier's gear, with almost a certain doom in this war. The conscription is well called the peasant's nightmare. The rich may buy off their sons, but the poor have no hope but in the Virgin. But all this merits treatment from a more graphic pen than I hold. We often meet new recruits in Paris, coming from the railway stations—so green and awkward in their uniforms, often walking tender footed in their soldier shoes, some looking up grand in their little dignity of gun and knapsack, while others seem to think of something left behind. One of those younglings came here, a little while ago, to bid his sister, one of the servants, adieu. He was off for the war, all flushed with pride. Now Victorine is in mourning for him. I shall never forget how she tore off her cap and hold her face in her hands when she heard the sad news.—*Correspondent of New York Tribune.*

CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS.

Place a quantity of new milk, as much as desired, over a slow fire, and allow it to heat slowly until it boils, taking pains not to scorch it, as that imparts a disagreeable taste. For every quart of milk take four table spoonsful of flour, beat it well with cold milk to prevent it from being lumpy, and as soon as the milk boils, pour in the thickening and stir it well until it boils again, then remove it instantly from the fire. Sweeten to suit the taste, and flavor with nutmeg or cinnamon, and it is ready for use, either cold or hot. Prepare the crust as usual for custard pies, fill them with the above preparation, and bake them an hour in a oven moderately hot. When sufficiently cooked, they will resemble in appearance a genuine egg pie, and will scarcely be distinguished by the taste. Custards may be made in the same way, and if baked until the whey starts from them, they will be nearly equal to those prepared with eggs. Rice and other puddings may be made without eggs, by boiling and thickening the milk in this way, and if they are well baked will prove excellent.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

CURIOUS RUSSIAN CUSTOM.

On Whit-Monday, and the following Sunday, there is a grand promenade in the Summer Gardens, namely, the exhibition of brides. The Russian tradesmen, on those days, expose their marriageable daughters, in order to marry them, or, as they term it, to give them away. Under the lime trees of the principal Allee are two long rows of gaily dressed girls, packed close together, like the pipes of an organ. Behind each, stands the match-maker, and the third row contains the mothers and other female relatives. Through this double row, the spectators and wife-seeking Russians slowly walk. The latter notice any face that pleases them, and the match-maker belonging to it. The exhibition lasts till a late hour.—*Boston Post.*

---

ther came into the shop, to
I know it is Uncle Robert.
y, grandmother."
up, at Mrs. Kennedy's gaze.
obert, mother," he began to
artly fallen to the floor, had he
strong grasp. The joy had
of her senses, but she waked
ng lost child, while Mary,
ver was of her father, stole
ered the news in his ear.
was all he could utter, as he
hand in the brother's strong
a shoulder; "thank God, for
"
is brother's children to his
never to desert them; and
sense of hearing had detected
spered:
e you, dear uncle!"
all, my boy," said the bluff
a doctor in America that
ve paid one visit before this,"
se. "I suppose you know
ther William?"
ardly have forgiven you my-
opped to see Mattie Hall, as
and besides, we could better
e knew you had come home

live in that miserable place
Robert. "Luckily, I have
or you all. Our little shop-
ve away her remaining stock
nd here, and she must go to
lear William, must have that
Willie's eyes must be restor-
poor Anna Hall's lameness
ainful, though of course, she
din—but then you know, she
hall ride, poor thing!" And
d sailor ran on in his benevo-
thers, and seemed to think
ned gold was only for their

n back," said he, laughing;
Mattie who I was, and by
t through with the inventory
n her care."
step on the hard snow-crust.
n of the box had told her all,
ow in welcoming the true-
e memory she had always
se supposed death she had

The lights had disappeared
the full, round moon looked
al landscape, as it lay, serene
ter her beaming light. Since
at were troubled and anxious
h a joy that has no utterance
here were other hearts, too,
hopes unknown before—for
beautiful Miriam had heard
rished love, from lips which
hoped *would* speak it; and
sensed to *think* about it be-
next Christmas.

OMBS OF PARIS.

acombs of Paris has just been
seventeen maps, giving an ac-
and intricate system of quarries
e tenth part of the whole city.
alls of Paris for 1600 years
ese quarries. The extent of
was so lost sight of during the
it was with great surprise re-
in 1774 that the streets and
unes Gentily, Montrose and
danger of sinking every day.
n the vicinity of Bercy and
buried in an abyss of eighty
examination was set on foot
e city, and labors have been
at day to this to prevent fur-
e whole of this cavernous
explored in every direction,
is running above have been
ops, pillars, supports and but-
rected wherever they seemed
t present it appears the Pari-
ject. At least, one is led to
he fact that the works, which
ched the average of 100,000
duced, for the present year, to
espondent Boston Post.

YOUR RAW-HIDE?

earance of a man sometimes
of events. A case in point
he children of two neighbor-
quarrels and fights, which
y in bruised faces and torn
her of one family, believing
been sadly maltreated, and
an, concluded that the surest
fference between their house-
would be to chastise the head
although, as yet, he had never
reupon procured a raw-hide,
g his neighbor's tenement in-
ing tone, for the "man of the
se, sir," said a personage up-
d weighing some 220, as he
the business of his neighbor.
you that you were the gentle-
"Yes, sir." "Well, I—I
, to see if this was your raw-
Herald.

ES IN INDIA.

ent has been published, show-
ent period 600 children have
wolves in Punjaub; nearly
nty years ago slaughtered in
Agra. The ornaments of
dly found in the dells where
es are devoured, and those
n getting possession of the
d to their hands, have ren-
mong the people, that the
elf is killed, is sure to come
cious brutes, when caught,
me with a bell around their
East.

GING ANT.

is a species of ant about an
"bull-dog," which stings
e as a wasp. They are very
the only way to kill them is
s. Speaking of them, Wm.
illing them by cutting them
loss; cut them in two, and
iately seize the body, and
its nippers, and the tail will
ead. They never trouble
Australian Researches.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THEN AND NOW.

BY GEO. H. COOMBS.

O, once there was for me, my love,
When we did roam in wood and meadow,
A sunnier light around, above,
A lovelier grace in leaf and shadow.

While birds with wings like sunbeams came,
And bright and red grew flowers and berries,
Thy lovely cheeks with softened flame,
Seemed cherry-blooms, thy lips the cherries.

Nor wert thou then as now thou art,
And blent were our imaginations,
So sweetly, that in either heart
Dwelt all the other's aspirations.

Love lives still, yet not for thee
My fount of pure affection floweth;
But unto all that need to be
How true my heart kind heaven knoweth!

The earnest soul that once was thine,
Though by thyself remembered never,
Still walks with me a shape divine,
A glorious form, beloved forever.

And still I see the violet eyes
Of her my ever present charmer,
And still the past before me lies,
A moving, beaming panorama.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOW THE BRIDE WAS WON.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

Donna Isabella was rich, talented, accomplished and brilliantly handsome. Her father was one of the grandees of Spain. When a young man he had married the daughter of one of the richest noblemen of Madrid, and the only fruit of their marriage was Donna Isabella.

Brought up in the lap of luxury, she was not spoiled, petted and indulged; she was a little wilful, but she had a strong mind which seemed to look above the occupations and amusements of the women of her time, above embroidery, dress, dancing, and love intrigues. She was a fine scholar, and received lessons in the languages, and various branches of science from the best masters. Her chief amusement, and one which suited her vigorous, active intellect, and of which she was excessively fond, was the game of chess. She was a bold and expert player, and many of the best players of Madrid had tried their skill in contest with her, but she ever came off victorious.

In one respect Donna Isabella proved herself as weak as any of her sex—she fell in love. Love is a strange and wayward urchin, and one of the most wayward of his freaks, was this, of causing Donna Isabella to fall in love with Don Fernando.

It is true he was the perfect pattern of a Spanish nobleman, he was handsome, he was rich, he was gallant; he could play divinely on the guitar, and sing the most pathetic ballads under the window of his lady-love, but Donna Isabella cared not for these. She asked herself a hundred times a day, why it was she loved Don Fernando, but she could not answer; love him she did, the why and the wherefore was unanswerable. Her cool, unbiased judgment told her that he was not her ideal of a man; she feared that in loving him, she was making unhappiness for herself. He was a careless, jovial, handsome fellow, good-humored and merry, generous and open-handed, beloved by all his male friends, and admired by all the ladies; but he lacked foresight, circumspection, caution; he had no force of character, was easily discouraged, and was yet impetuous and rash.

Donna Isabella grew thoughtful, she set herself down to look the matter calmly over. What should she do? How should she bring forth those qualities in which he seemed lacking. The thought came to her, that love works miracles sometimes, and perhaps it might change Fernando. But what charm had Donna Isabella potent enough to transform the gay, good-humored, careless, reckless Fernand into the cool, circumspect, clear-headed, calm-judging man she wished him to be? Even should she succeed, would not his principal charm be gone? She thought not. She wished her husband to be great and noble, to stand among the wisest of the realm, to be looked up to and reverenced for his wisdom. Don Fernando did not bid fair to fulfil her wishes in these respects. But what course should she take to bring about this reformation? She took up plan after plan, looked at them on all sides, and laid them down as impracticable. Would not love alone accomplish her wish? Did he not love her well enough to become all she might desire? No, she was not even sure that Don Fernando's love would survive the mortifying intelligence of knowing that he was not already all she wished. He was proud and high-spirited; it would never do to let him know her plans, her wishes.

A new thought struck her; the light flashed in her black eyes, the color came to her cheek. Happy thought, she would teach him to play chess. To make himself master of that game would bring out the very qualities he needed; it would teach him foresight, circumspection, caution, perseverance; it was just the thing; it would make a great man of him. Donna Isabella felt sure she had at last hit upon the most effectual plan to accomplish her wishes, and to bind herself to her determination, she made a vow never to marry Don Fernando, till he should vanquish her in the game of chess.

Don Fernando sat in the garden at the feet of his mistress, looking up into her face, his hand thrown lightly over his guitar strings.

"Don Fernando," said she, in her softest tones, "I have a request to make?"

"It is granted, peerless one, before it is asked."

"Be cautious, Fernando, do not make rash promises, wait till you hear what I say."

"Your words, dearest one, are a law to me. I live but to obey them."

"Listen, then," said she, smiling: "I wish you to learn the game of chess. I am passionately fond of it; will you not learn it for my sake?"

"I will try," said he, scarcely suppressing a yawn; "but I fear I shall be but a dull scholar, my head is very weak," he continued, laughing, and running his fingers through his long, glossy ringlets.

However, he had promised, it was enough. "When shall we commence?" said she.

"Whenever you please," said he, kissing her white hand; "I am ever at your service. But let us not move, it is very pleasant here."

So Donna Isabella called a servant, and the chess-table and men were brought into the garden and placed before her. She proceeded to arrange the pieces, while Don Fernando sat by admiring the white hands as they gracefully performed this duty; and wondering why it was his love need bother his brains with the stupid game. At last they were all placed, and she set herself to the task of teaching him.

"Now listen, Fernando," said she, with one of her sweetest smiles, "the piece on your right hand corner square is a rook, the king's rook, and the square on which it stands the king's rook's square; next to this is the knight, then the bishop, and the fourth square from the right is the king. The square next the king is the queen's, then comes the queen's bishop, then the queen's knight, and in the left corner square is the queen's rook. Eight pawns stand directly in front of the pieces; you understand, Fernando, do you not?"

"Yes," said he, "I believe I do."

"Now," said she, "for the moves." Then followed numerous other directions calculated to enlighten him as to the mysteries of the game. It was easy for Don Fernando to remember that the pawns moved straight forward, that some of the pieces moved diagonally, some in lines parallel to the sides of the board; some were allowed both moves combined, while others seemed to have unlimited power to roam over the field at pleasure. The knight's move puzzled him the most; when Isabella took the erratic piece in her fair fingers, he was never sure what luckless piece of his own it might displace. The bishop, too, would often come sweeping down upon him, and the queen, like a perfect Amazon, attacked him on all quarters. Long ere the first game was ended, he yawned and declared it made his head ache; and when at last Donna Isabella proclaimed him checkmated, he was heartily glad, though it must be owned he hardly knew the meaning of the word, only that it ended the game.

"How do you like it, Fernando?" said she.

"Not overmuch," said he.

"You will like it better when you get so as to fully understand the different moves." Then she went on giving him general directions, such as telling him where to place his men advantageously, how to parry his opponent's attacks, and so forth; and although she saw her lover was not much interested, she was not discouraged.

"But I think is much pleasanter," said he, "to sit here and talk or sing. I'd rather look into your bright eyes, than at those black and white mimic soldiers. I wish to hear the music of your voice, and I have always noticed that chess-players never talk."

"But it is a good discipline for the mind, Fernando, and you will learn it for my sake, dearest!" It was not in Fernando's yielding nature to refuse.

So evening after evening, Don Fernando endeavored to learn the intricate game, but he progressed slowly; his heart was not in it, he moved at hap-hazard, never thinking what might be the result, lost his best pieces without a feeling of regret, and heard the fatal word checkmate, with a feeling of pleasure and relief. But the lady, thanks to the lessons of chess-playing, did not despond; she still persevered, though as yet she saw none of the good results of her plan.

But after a while, Fernando grew weary; when he would woo his lady-love with soft words, the everlasting chess-board stared him in the face; when he was lorging for a smile from her sweet lips, or a glance of her soft eyes, the lips were silent, and the eyes bent on the hateful chessmen. Is it any wonder that he grew jealous of them? And a jealous Spaniard is an animal not to be despised. He could not understand why it was Donna Isabella inflicted this penance upon him; of what sin had he been guilty? His good-humor had been tried to its utmost extent; his impetuosity and dislike of restraint were now about to make themselves manifest.

The evening when Donna Isabella as usual brought the board and men and placed them before him, she noticed a dark frown upon his brow. She spoke pleasantly to him, but he heeded it not; moodily he pushed his pawns over the board, thrusting them directly in the way of danger; two or three times she forbore taking advantage of his recklessness, kindly telling him of his error; but he never thanked her, he left himself open to her attacks, seeming only intent upon ending the game as soon as possible; and when at last she pronounced the words "checkmated," he pushed away the table with a force which sent the remaining pieces rolling over the field of battle.

Donna Isabella was startled, and for once she feared for the success of her experiment; she must by some means allay the rising storm.

"What is the trouble, Fernando?" said she, in her softest tones, and laying her white hand on his. He was moody still.

"Are you offended with me?" said she, looking into his face.

Don Fernando was not ice, so he melted beneath these warmer rays of love just a very little, and answered:

"No, not offended, but jealous."

"Jealous, Fernando!" said she, in blank amazement. "Have I ever given you cause for jealousy?"

"I think so," said he.

"Of whom?" said she.

"Of many," he replied.

"Ah," said she, "believe me, I am innocent. I know not what you can mean—of many,'" said she, musingly; "you are certainly jesting."

"No, Donna Isabella, when I am longing for a look from your sweet eyes, they are bent on others; your attention is absorbed by other than your true, loving knight; you have no words of love for me when they are by, you do not look at me, do not speak to me. Do you think I have no cause for jealousy?"

A look of extreme pain mixed with astonishment passed over Donna Isabella's countenance, and she answered with a tone full of sorrow. "But do you not believe me, when I tell you I am innocent?"

"I might, did not your actions speak louder than words."

"You speak in riddles," said she; "mention some particular time when I have so offended you."

"This very day."

"At what place?"

"Here in this room," and he pointed to the fallen chessmen. "It is of these I am jealous, they take you from me, you will not listen to my words, you will not smile upon me when they are by; why then, should I not think you love them better than you love me?"

"O, fie, Fernando," said she, smiling; "is it for this you look so dark and gloomy? for a few innocent chessmen? You are worse than Don Quixote, who battled the windmill."

"But why, Donna Isabella, do you torture me with this stupid game?"

The lady's countenance grew grave and earnest as she replied:

"Because, Fernando, I have made a vow never to marry you till you play a better game of chess than myself."

"Are you in earnest, Isabella?" said he, in a low voice.

"Yes," said she, smiling, and looking up lovingly into his face, but yet with an earnest look which told that she was not jesting. He did not smile in return. She laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder.

"You are not offended, dear Fernando? You will not think me whimsical and silly?" Then she continued more gayly: "Has it not been the custom from time immemorial, for a lady to impose some task upon her true knight, to prove his love for her? Now this is the task which I have chosen. When by your skill you are able to pronounce upon me the words 'checkmate,' I promise to be yours."

She laid her hand in his, a beautiful blush spread over her face, and her liquid black eyes rested lovingly upon him. But he was still gloomy; true, he kissed the little hand, and passed his arm around her delicate waist, but when he left her his usual manner had not returned.

Now days and weeks passed by, and Fernando absented himself from his lady-love, and she knew not how to account for his absence. Had she offended? Had sudden business called him away? Not the latter certainly, for rich, easy, Don Fernando had no business. He must be offended; Donna Isabella was alarmed; she began to fear he was lost to her, that she had driven him away, and now she began to realize how madly, how deeply she loved him. What was more alarming, was this, that no one knew anything about him; every one cried, "Where is Don Fernando?" His gay, young friends missed him, and lovely damsels sighed, "Where is Don Fernando?" And Donna Isabella mourned more silently but more deeply than the others. Perhaps he had committed suicide! The thought was dreadful, she could not bear the sight of her chess-board and men, for she feared they had been the cause of some dreadful catastrophe.

Weeks, months passed, and still he came not. Donna Isabella was in despair, she grew pale and thin. She lost all interest in life, she would sit idle for whole days; nothing roused her from the fearful apathy which seemed to have fallen upon her. Her nights were sleepless and disturbed; she lay quiet and still upon her bed, but with wide open, staring eyes. Her mother feared for her reason, her father called the most eminent physicians, but all their medicine was of no avail. Listless and unoccupied, in silent, ceaseless sorrow she passed her days, she seldom spoke, she never smiled.

"It would be well to try a change of place and scene," said her father; "we will travel." So they started on a journey. They went through France and Switzerland, and finally decided to pass the summer in a pleasant town in Germany. Donna Isabella had improved but little, she was still listless and silent. After they had settled down in their new home, she seemed to take a sort of pleasure in walking through the town and its pleasant environs, and would sometimes be gone for hours. A trusty man servant always accompanied her.

In her walks she often passed a university for young men. One day two of the students, as she supposed them to be, were sitting under a tree playing a game of chess. One was a young man, of frank, open countenance and fair hair, bespeaking his German origin; the other wore a dark, heavy beard, almost covering his entire face, which was still further concealed by a slouched hat.

Donna Isabella seemed irresistibly drawn toward the spot, and the servant followed her. Nearer and nearer she drew, and as the game went on her countenance brightened, the look of interest came back to her beautiful eyes; her old love for the game revived, and she drew still nearer, and bent eagerly forward, so that by putting out her hand she could have touched either of the combatants.

In utter silence the game went on, the fair-haired student did indeed lift up his eyes at the lady's approach, but the other seemed wholly unaware of her presence. The players at first seemed equally matched, but through carelessness, or by the superior skill of his adversary, the fair-haired student seemed to be losing ground. At length, by an unexpected movement of his opponent he found his king in check. He did not, however, despond, but parrying the attack as well as he could, retrieved his position somewhat. He spoke a few words in German to his companion, and the game went on. Yet evidently the fair-haired student had the worst of the game, and as Donna Isabella's quick eye saw when he had made a hasty and imprudent move, she involuntarily uttered an exclamation of regret. The other lifted up his head for a moment, glanced from beneath his slouched hat at the lady, took up a piece in his hand, and setting it down, pronounced the word "checkmated."

The unfortunate player bore his defeat manfully, yet evidently had no desire to commence another game, though the victor proceeded very coolly to replace the pieces upon the board.

"But do you not believe me, when I tell you I am innocent?"

"I might, did not your actions speak louder than words."

"You speak in riddles," said she; "mention some particular time when I have so offended you."

"This very day."

"At what place?"

"Here in this room," and he pointed to the fallen chessmen. "It is of these I am jealous, they take you from me, you will not listen to my words, you will not smile upon me when they are by; why then, should I not think you love them better than you love me?"

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Donna Isabella's attention was completely aroused; she seemed rooted to the spot, while at a little distance stood the servant in utter astonishment at his mistress's new freak, as he thought it.

She forgot where she was, she saw nothing but the fascinating chess-board. The men were now all placed, and the mysterious stranger, without lifting his head, pointed to the chair his opponent had just vacated, and silently challenged her to the combat. As if under the influence of some potent spell she obeyed. By courtesy he gave her the first move, and the game began. Donna Isabella wholly engrossed by the game never raised her eyes to her opponent, all her faculties seemed concentrated upon the board. Not a word passed; the two players sat in silence, and the two spectators, the servant on one side, the student on the other, stood in silence and wonder. Cautiously the first moves were made, and it was hard to tell which had the advantage, though if either, the lady, as she had the first move, might be said to be a little ahead. The countenance of the student brightened, the lady had captured her opponent's knight, but it instantly fell as he saw she had fallen into a deep and well-laid plot of her opponent. The lady knit her fair brows and compressed her lips; it was no common player with whom she was contending.

She was always a bold player, and she ventured now upon a series of moves which she thought would disconcert her adversary; but he was prepared, he seemed to see directly through her deepest laid plans. Donna Isabella grew nervous; perhaps her late feeble health had somewhat shattered her system; but however that may be, her hand trembled as she set down the different pieces. Her opponent was provokingly cool and calm, and made his moves rapidly and boldly.

"Ah," said the fair-haired student, in a tone of regret, as he saw that the lady's king was in imminent danger. The mysterious man took up his bishop, and placing it so as to form a direct attack upon the lady's king, pronounced the word "checkmate."

Donna Isabella bit her lips, and sat moodily looking upon the board. She was disappointed, it was hard to give up. She who had been considered the best chess-player in Madrid, to be beaten by a student! She rose and was taking her departure, but her natural politeness came back to her, she turned to bid the students good-by. Her opponent had risen, and was standing with his hands crossed on his breast, but his slouched hat still concealed his features. She went up to him, and holding out her hand, said:

"I own myself fairly vanquished."

"Checkmated!" said he. She bowed. "Then," said he, "by your own consent, you are mine forever." He threw off the slouched hat, the long student's cloak, the heavy wig, and Don Fernando stood before her. The first moment she started back, the next she was in his arms. "Conquered at last," said he, as he looked down upon his fair burden.

"It was a deep game," said she; "who would have thought so dull a scholar would have made such a proficient!"

"Love and pride were my teachers," he answered.

Donna Isabella returned to her parents, much to their surprise, leaning on Don Fernando's arm. The old light had come back to her eyes, the smile to her lips, the elasticity to her step; and all this happy change had been wrought by a single game of chess, and she the conquered, not the conqueror.

Whether the knowledge of chess improved Don Fernando's judgment, whether it taught him caution, foresight or circumspection, whether he ever reached any great eminence which he would not have reached without that knowledge, history does not tell.

Certain it is, Donna Isabella seemed perfectly satisfied, so it is to be presumed her plan succeeded; he had beyond all doubt, proved his love for her like a true knight; it but remained for her to fulfil her vow.

This she was both ready and willing to do. They were married with great pomp and ceremony. Donna Isabella was declared the handsomest bride ever led to the altar, and Don Fernando the most devoted and gallant bridegroom.

ORIGIN OF OUR DECIMAL CURRENCY.

A letter has been discovered recently, in this country, from a venerable gentleman who came from Wales over fifty years since. In November, 1805, he became acquainted with Mr. Christian Heiss, grandfather of John P. Heiss, formerly of the firm of Richie & Heiss, of the Washington Union, now of the New Orleans Delta. Mr. Heiss, was then fifty-one years of age, and had in his youth been wagon-master through the whole Revolution in Washington's army, or it may be in the Pennsylvania line, which formed a portion of it. On one such occasion, while in conversation, it was remarked how much better the Americans managed their currency than other nations, in the decimal form of it, when Mr. Heiss immediately replied, "that it was so, and that the author or inventor was the Rev. Samuel Jones, D. D., of Lower Dublin. We have never heard this question mooted before, but we have no doubt that the information imparted by Mr. Heiss was most reliable, and it involves an interesting historical incident.—*Bizarre.*

A NEW KIND OF APE.

Professor Owen, the celebrated naturalist, describes a species of ape, recently discovered on the western coast of Africa, named the gorrilla species, the adults of which attain the height of five feet five inches, and are three feet broad across the chest. His head is double the size of a man's, and its extremities are enormously developed. They exist in some numbers in the interminable forests of the Gambia river. The negroes of the country, in their excursions into the forests in search of ivory, exhibit little fear of the lion, as it flank away from man; but they dreaded the gorrilla, for when he saw a man advancing he came down out of the trees to the attack, and could struggle a man with the greatest ease. The strength of this man ape is enormous; his jaw is as powerful as that of a lion, and his canine teeth equally formidable.

A RARE CHANCE!

WHO WILL WIN THESE PRIZES?

Being resolved to keep The Flag of our Union where it has ever been for the last *ten years*, in the van of literary weekly newspapers, not only in point of circulation, but in real intrinsic excellence, the proprietor has resolved to offer the following inducement to post-masters, and other energetic individuals, of either sex, to send us clubs for the year commencing January, 1856.

TEN ELEGANT AND RICH PRIZES

are offered in good faith, and shall be awarded with strict honesty and impartiality. The intrinsic value of these prizes is over

Eight Hundred and Fifty Dollars,

so arranged as to be divided among the persons who shall forward to us the ten largest clubs for The Flag of our Union between the 1st of December, 1855, and the 1st day of February, 1856, being a period of about sixty days. The field is open to all, the prizes are elegant and attractive.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

IS AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal.

It is now the most popular literary weekly paper in America, a reputation which it has enjoyed for *ten years*! circulating at the present time more than any other miscellaneous weekly journal in the country, with the exception of *Ballou's Pictorial*.

It is devoted to polite literature, and it embraces

NEWS, TALES, POEMS, SKETCHES, MISCELLANY, ADVENTURES, BIOGRAPHIES, WIT AND HUMOR, AND NOVELLETTES,

written expressly for the paper by the best and most popular writers of the country. It is also spiced with a record of the notable events of the time, of peace and war, of discoveries and improvements occurring in either hemisphere, forming an intelligent and instructive companion. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; therefore making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivalled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new, clear and beautiful type, and contains 1240 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

We have commenced the new volume of The Flag of our Union (Volume XI.) with a brilliant and admirably written original novelette by that young and popular author, Horace B. Stanford. Mr. Stanford has just returned, after five years residence in the Orient, and this exceedingly interesting story is the result of his experience in the land of the Caliphs. It is entitled:

BEN HAMED:

—OR,—

THE CHILDREN OF FATE.

A TALE OF THE EASTERN WORLD.

We predict for this story the most favorable reception yet accorded to the numerous list of original novelettes which we are constantly publishing in the Flag. With all the dreamy mystery of the East, it has also the exciting plot, and strong delineations of love and passion, that remarkable fatality produces in every clime. We shall introduce in the coming volume of our paper the productions of many new sterling writers, and make such improvements otherwise as shall enhance the value of this widely circulated and favorite weekly.

THE PRIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

To the person who shall send us the *first* largest club, we will present a beautiful new Silver Tea Set. Tea urn, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, slop dish and silver salver, being five pieces of sterling silver, manufactured for us by Jones, Rivers & Brown, Boston. Value..... $250

To the person who sends us the *second* largest club, we will present a large, fine Boston style Melodeon, elegantly cased, and suitable for a church or parlor ornament, and warranted perfect in all respects. Value..... 175

To the person who shall send us the *third* largest club, we will present an elegant English Gold Lever Watch, chronometer and compensation balance, and extra jewels, new and warranted a perfect watch in all respects, and of the best workmanship. Value..... 120

To the person who shall send us the *fourth* largest club, we will present a superb English Silver Lever Watch, same movement as above, new, heavy cased, and perfect in all respects, and warranted as to time and workmanship. Value..... 90

To the person who shall send us the *fifth* largest club, we will present a valuable library of Sixty Bound Volumes, all good standard works, embracing biographies, histories, travels, etc., such as should ornament any home circle. Value..... 75

To the person who shall send us the *sixth* largest club, we will present an elegant, brass-bound, portable black walnut Writing Desk, of the most exquisite workmanship, manufactured to our own order, with secret drawers, etc., by O. S. Tolman, 115 Washington Street, Boston, and furnished with every usual article. Value..... 50

To the person who shall send us the *seventh* largest club, we will present an elegantly wrought Silk Purse, suitable for either gentleman or lady, and containing in Gold Dollars, twenty-five dollars. Value..... 30

To the person who shall send us the *eighth* largest club, we will present a Silver English Watch, a new and perfect timekeeper, and in all respects suitable for a young lad or miss attending school. Warranted. Value..... 25

To the person who sends us the *ninth* largest club, we will present four elegant large Steel Engravings, framed in gilt, representing the seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter,—elegant parlor ornaments. Value..... 20

To the person who sends us the *tenth* largest club, we will present a Fine Gold Pencil Case and Pen Holder, with gold pen, of a new pattern; an exceedingly beautiful and useful pocket companion. Value..... 18

Every prize is new and perfect in all respects, and may be seen at any hour by calling at our publication office.

TERMS—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year..... $2 00
4 subscribers, " " 7 00
10 " " 15 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy *gratis*, so that all are sure of remuneration who exert themselves.

Any person sending us *fifty* subscribers shall receive the eight volumes completed of "Ballou's Pictorial," elegantly and uniformly bound in full gilt, with illustrated title-pages and blanks, containing nearly ten thousand fine illustrations, the price of which is sixteen dollars.

It is very important that the names, accompanied by the money, should be sent to us at first as they are obtained, that we may be able to print an ample number of papers to meet the demand. Therefore as soon as ten subscribers are obtained, the person who has procured the club can forward them with the money, and he or she can then add to the club any number of names, at the same rate, and the number will be duly credited to the account of the party who sends the subscribers, until the time specified shall expire, that is, up to Feb. 1st, 1856.

It is not requisite that the entire club should be taken in one town; we will send the papers to any neighboring post-office so that where the club is gotten up, but all subscriptions must come through the same agent, in order to be counted to his or her credit. This offer does not apply to any regular wholesale agent of our papers—the clubs must be bona fide, and *each name be sent with the money.*

The result will be duly published, and indisputable evidence of the receipt of each prize, by the successful parties, will be given.

Sample copies of the paper furnished gratis.

M. M. BALLOU, *Publisher and Proprietor.*
Corner Tremont & Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

☞ In writing letters, please be careful to write name of post-office and State plainly as possible, as post-marks are often illegible. Also write individual names distinctly.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the Flag of our Union, $2 a year, invariably in advance, being discretionary with the time paid for. See terms at head of first column.

☞ All persons who are subscribers to The Flag of our Union, whether in clubs or otherwise, who owe $2, stating that they are on the subscription Flag, shall receive Ballou's Pictorial for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag so commences.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Few papers can compete with *The Flag of our Union* as it regards its originality, numbering as it does among its contributors a large list of the best names, while it is always chaste and entertaining.—*Daily Bee.*

Carefully printed upon fine white paper, and its original matter from beginning to end. The *Flag of our Union* merits the extraordinary popularity it has enjoyed for *ten consecutive years*.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Go where you will, from Maine to California, and you are sure to see The Flag of our Union in nearly every circle. Mr Ballou evinces great taste and tact in the publication of this charming weekly.—*Sentinel.*

Justly unrivalled in circulation, The Flag of our Union presents its numerous list of subscribers with a paper, in matter, which they can obtain nowhere else. Its writers are engaged upon the paper.—*Daily Times.*

The pioneer among the miscellaneous weeklies is *The Flag of our Union* has also proved the most successful. After ten years of profitable existence it is now more pleasing and attractive than ever.—*Quincy Patriot.*

A charming weekly visitor to the home circle is *The Flag of our Union*,—chaste, moral, and exceedingly interesting, and edited not by a novice, but by an experienced and careful hand.—*Mercury.*

AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.

In a paragraph, going the rounds of the papers, we find a sentence which is worthy of being printed in letters of gold.—"Foreign taste, of thought is not enough." No truer words were ever uttered. We have manufactures and are manufacturing, everything that is required by the necessities and the artificialities of social life, supplying not only ours but the old world; and the time has now arrived when we must manufacture thought to supply of our spiritual wants, as well as machinery and furniture for our physical. We have opened untold wealth in the mines of California; we must now coin untold wealth from the El Dorados of imagination and thought.

Not that we have hitherto been unproductive in the lofty sphere of intellect. The American mind was never without its creative representatives. Our literary annals, as epitomized by Duyckinck's recent admirable work, show that in the very infancy of the colonies, minds were at work to illustrate our future glory. But yet there was a lack of genuine vigor in all these early efforts. Mediocrity in the shadow of Europe. For a long time our political severance from the old world, mental dependence on it was quietly acknowledged. The American public still preferred the works of English authors, whether English criticism to stamp its seal of approval on the works of our own authors, and with difficulty that there were prophets of our own land.

At last one or two American authors ranked by the English themselves were of their own best living writers. Irving was compared to Addison, and Cooper was admitted to be not a great way behind his illustrious rival Sir Walter Scott. The public then began to think that there might be others capable of writing brilliant romances and unfolding the future. Once the demand created, the supply followed as a matter of course, as air rushes in to a vacuum; and not only now do we supply our home demand, but we export for foreign consumption. In every department of literature we now fairly represented, and what is more still, a spirit is abroad, among authors, sellers, and the public, which shows that a literary firmament is destined to be irradiated by a few transcendent stars, but by constellations and galaxies of brilliant stars. Truly, anonymous writer, whose striking remarks we quoted at the outset, there is a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up in the track of prosperous industry, and from the crowning harvest rises after the plough and the toil and drudgery of man—as the tasteful villa rises from the log cabin of the forest farmer. Our patrons are appearing among the philanthropists are slowly winning the hearts of their own people, and who commanded the admiration of the best audiences of Europe. *Let them; for they are needed. They make for healthy and habitable.*

Comic Ambition.—Comic actors are apt to be partial to playing tragedy. Think of Grimaldi with *his* face, enacting Romeo, and Liston wandering at the convulsive laughter of the audience. Long after his comic talent was overshadowed and extinguished his tragic power Finn used to slip away to the Scotch Richard and Hamlet. We are all of us trying to escape from ourselves.

Praiseworthy.—The ladies of Cincinnati have an institution called the "Ladies' Academy of Fine Arts." Who will dare to call the Cincinnati Porkopolis after this? Mrs. Trollope, if she hears of this enterprise of the fair and beautiful city of Cincinnati, will rise from the dead.

Blackberry Wine.—A correspondent of the New Haven Palladium recommends "New Rochelle blackberry" for making, and says that half a bushel of the berries will make six gallons of good wine.

Leap Year.—This is leap year, and as scarce as advice equal, every Gill may have a Jack. The right of proposal belongs to the ladies until 1857.

A Fact.—The young lady who has had a chance to kissing a man with mustaches, has been practising on the shoe-brush.

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THE
FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

☞ All persons who are subscribers to THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, whether in club or otherwise, who will enclose us $2, stating that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive BALLOU'S PICTORIAL for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag subscription commences.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

Few papers can compete with *The Flag of our Union* as it regards originality, numbering as it does among its contributors a large list of the best names, while its matter is always chaste and entertaining.—*Daily Bee, Boston.*

Carefully printed upon fine white paper, and filled with *original* matter from beginning to end, *The Flag of our Union* merits the extraordinary popularity which it has enjoyed for six consecutive years.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Go where you will, from Maine to California, you are sure to see *The Flag of our Union* in nearly every family circle. Mr Ballou evinces great taste and liberality in the publication of this charming weekly.—*Burlington Sentinel.*

Justly unrivalled in circulation. *The Flag of our Union* presents its immense list of subscribers with choice *original* matter, which they can obtain nowhere else. The best writers are engaged upon the paper.—*Daily Ledger.*

The pioneer among the miscellaneous weekly press, *The Flag of our Union* has also proved the most popular and successful. After *ten years* of profitable existence it is now more pleasing and attractive than ever before.—*Quincy Patriot.*

A charming weekly visitor to the home circle is *The Flag of our Union*—chaste, neat, and exceedingly interesting in each issue, and edited not by a pair of scissors, but by an experienced and careful hand.—*Charleston Mercury.*

AMERICAN PRODUCTIONS.

In a paragraph, going the rounds of the papers, we find a sentence which is worthy of being printed in letters of gold—"Foreign supply of thoughts is not enough." No truer words were ever uttered. We have manufactured, and are manufacturing, everything material required by the necessities and the artificial wants of social life, supplying not only ourselves but the old world; and the time has now arrived when we must manufacture thought for the supply of our spiritual wants, as well as clothing, machinery and furniture for our physical wants. We have opened untold wealth in the mines of California; we must now coin untold wealth from the El Dorados of imagination and thought.

Not that we have hitherto been unproductive in the lofty sphere of intellect. The American mind was never without its creative representatives. Our literary annals, as epitomized in Duyckinck's recent admirable work, show that, in the very infancy of the colonies, brilliant minds were at work to illustrate our mental glory. But yet there was a lack of genuine native vigor in all these early efforts. Men moved in the shadow of Europe. For a long time after our political severance from the old world, our mental dependence on it was quietly acknowledged. The American public still preferred to read the works of English authors, waited for English criticism to stamp its seal of approval on the works of our own authors, and believed with difficulty that there were prophets in our own land.

At last one or two American authors were ranked by the English themselves with their own best living writers. Irving was compared to Addison, and Cooper was admitted to be not a great way behind his illustrious model, Sir Walter Scott. The public then began to think that there might be others capable of weaving brilliant romances and building lofty rythmes. Once the demand created, the supply followed as a matter of course, as air rushes in to fill a vacuum; and not only now do we supply the home demand, but we export for foreign consumption. In every department of letters, we are now fairly represented, and what is better still, a spirit is abroad, among authors, booksellers, and the public, which shows that our literary firmament is destined to be irradiated, not by a few transitory meteors, but by constellations and galaxies of brilliant stars. Truly, says the anonymous writer, whose striking remark we quoted at the outset, there is a better and brighter future. A national literature is springing up in the track of prosperous industry, as the crowning harvest rises after the plough and industry of man—as the tasteful villa succeeds the log cabin of the forest farmer. Men of genius are appearing among us — poets and philosophers are slowly winning the ear of our own people, and who command the admiration of the best audiences of Europe. *Let us cherish them; for they are needed. They make the country healthy and habitable.*

COMIC AMBITION.—Comic actors often have a passion for playing tragedy. Think of Liston, with *his* face, enacting Romeo, and sadly wondering at the convulsive laughter of his audience. Long after his comic talent had overshadowed and extinguished his tragic ability, poor Finn used to slip away to the South to play Richard and Hamlet. We are all constantly trying to escape from ourselves.

PRAISEWORTHY.—The ladies of Cincinnati have an institution called the "Ladies' Academy of Fine Arts." Who will dare to call Cincinnati Porkopolis after this? Mrs. Trollope will stare if she hears of this enterprise of the refined and beautiful city of Cincinnati, the Athens of the Great West.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—A correspondent of the New Haven Palladium recommends the "New Rochelle blackberry" for making wine, and says that half a bushel of the berries will make six gallons of good wine.

LEAP YEAR.—This is leap year, and, as the sexes are about equal, every Gill may have her Jack. The right of proposal belongs to the ladies until 1857.

A FACT.—The young lady who had a repugnance to kissing a man with mustachios, has been practising on the shoe-brush.

WINTER SCENERY.

Those who complain of the dreariness and monotony of winter, can have no true perception of natural beauty. All the features and phases of nature are beautiful. Even in a desert there is vastness and sublimity, as in the seemingly illimitable expanse of ocean in a calm. It is true that in the early winter, there is a period of rest, of immobility, of cold, statuesque inaction—a transitory image of death. But the spirit of beauty is silently at work preparing scenes of exquisite splendor to gladden the eyes of those who are trained to look with love and admiration on her handiwork. The first snow that falls, robing the hills and plains in its spotless ermine, bending with its weight the plumy pines, achieves the task of an enchanter. Even the roofs of town and city wear a new and strange aspect from the gentle ministration of the snow.

But there are other scenes of natural magic which surprise even the coldest into hyperboles of admiration. A few weeks ago, a fall of sleet and rain, accompanied by frost, produced on the following day one of the most gorgeous spectacles which old winter offers to the eye. Attempts have been often made to describe it, but language fails of conveying an adequate idea of its magnificence to those who have never witnessed it. Nothing in the gorgeous glory of the tropics equals it; Art fails, and drops her pencil in despair, from a hopeless effort to imitate the peculiar phenomenon of which we speak. The world's wealth of precious gems would be exhausted before it conveyed a glimmer of the glory of this marvellous frost-work. Every blade of grass, every spray of lilac bush, or roadside shrub, or garden flower, bends and sways with a weight of diamonds, that flash forth their prismatic rays in the glory of the winter sunshine. The pine trees are masses of plumes and jewels; the pendulous branches of the willow descend like tresses of sultanas, braided heavily with precious stones. There is nothing in field or forest that—

—"Doth not change
Into something new and strange."

By broad daylight this phenomenon is sufficiently remarkable. But who can form an idea of its magic effect who has not rode along the skirts of New England, with the full moon shimmering on the glittering branches and twigs of the trees—a maze of almost unearthly brilliancy! The spectacle thus sketched is rare, and forunately so; for the weight of splendor attached to the trees often proves their injury and destruction. While it lasts, this spectacle is the most magnificent to be witnessed in the whole range of Nature's glories.

THE SNOW! THE SNOW!

Welcome, thrice welcome, timely visitant! With thy white vestment comes a throng of delightful accessories and belongings. The town is all astir; the busy for a score of miles around hath sent its representatives to the city over the easy gliding roads; and the denizens of the metropolis, seizing upon the opportunity, are off upon every avenue that leads inland. Our own pleasant driving gray steps daintily upon the smooth snow, with a bewildered gaze at the bleached aspect of everything. The jingling bells are music to his ears, and he never tires while they echo on the clear, shiny atmosphere. Merry indeed! Hear the glad shouts of the thronged mammoth sleigh party! You will remember this day, you laughing, happy ones. It will be marked by a white stone as a token of delight to some of you, at least. Guide them with steady hands, those eight well-matched bays! They, too, partake of the excitement! Stay—spare a trifle to those humble ones; the snow brings little pleasure to the poor; even now they tremble with the cold; forget them not in the height of your bounteous enjoyment. Yes, alas! to the poor the snow brings no gladness. Forget them not.

THE LAND O' CAKES.—People are now discussing the question, whether Shakspeare ever visited Scotland. A Scotchman writes that he could never have described the localities in Macbeth without having seen the places mentioned. Yet Mrs. Radcliff, who never saw Switzerland, wrote the best description of its scenery ever penned. The Irishman, whom poor Power met at Niagara Falls, insisted that Shakspeare must have been "thar or tharabouts," "cos's he never could have written that shublime passage about the 'cloud clapped tower.'"

A PROFOUND REFLECTION.—A Connaught ranger was asleep during the siege of Badajoz A cannon ball struck him and carried away his head. A comrade, who had witnessed this sudden death, said: "By my sowl! Jemmy'll be bothered intirely when he wakes in the morning and can't find his head!"

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—When Lockmann was asked, who had given him the first principles of wisdom, "The blind," he replied; "for they never take a step without first having made sure of the ground with their sticks."

IMPORTANT.—Since the success of Hiawatha, some of our young "polcks" have been studying the Choctaw and Ojibway dialects. This is interesting to dentists.

FLATTERING.—Mr. Thomas Rossiter, the American historical painter, received a gold medal, valued at a thousand pounds, at the exposition of Fine Arts in Paris.

WANTS.—The London Times says the English are in want of a general, a poet and a historian. What will they pay for the articles? That is the question.

THE DIFFERENCE.—The mayor of Philadelphia says the "million loan is ready for subscribers." Are subscribers ready for the million loan?

QUERER.—It was lately decided by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, that a clergyman of the Church of England could legally marry himself.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

The British discovery ship, Resolute, has been brought into New London.

Salt and lump sugar are the only unadulterated articles in England.

Van Diemen's land exists no longer—it is now called Tasmania.

The water works at Pittsfield, in this State, are in full operation.

General Canrobert is about to marry a lady whose income is $25,000 a year.

Commodore Charles Stewart has been seriously unwell of late.

The North Adams Transcript says the success of the Hoosac tunnel is almost certain.

Count de Morny, one of Louis Napoleon's tools, will marry an American lady.

Young gentlemen, in crimson horse-blankets, have been parading Cincinnati.

More than half the adult population of England cannot write their own names.

What a pity that innocent young girls should grow into heartless coquettes!

France has lost two of her brave admirals—Bruat and Mackau.

A writer in the Providence Post says, "schoolhouses can be warmed."

In Baltimore, ships continue to be in as great demand as ever.

Miss Jenny Campbell died in Virginia, lately, aged 113 years.

The Agricultural Fair grounds in this city have been leased for a race-track.

Josiah Bradlee, of Boston, has presented ten thousand dollars to the Sailor's Snug Harbor.

The "Tempest" at the Boston Theatre is no "tempest in a teapot."

Judge Douglass, it is said, will not be able to sit in the Senate till spring.

This year, 3000 saddles of venison have been brought to Philadelphia, by railroad.

The Greek government has finally settled with Dr. King for $23,000.

At the Bowery, New York, they are playing the "Chip Boy of the Dry Dock."

IMMIGRATION TO GEORGIA.

A company of New England men have made arrangements to make Georgia their future home. There is an immense import to the movement. New England men, with all the varied resources of Georgia to draw upon, will make their mark wherever they locate. Waste material will be made use of, and *coined* each day. Thrift and energy will have a permanent abiding place together, and a genial climate will assist every effort toward improvement. The heat of summer, inland, is less oppressive than here, though it may seem strange to one unacquainted with the clime, and spring begins actually, as well as nominally, in March. May-day there has its abundance of May-day fruits and flowers. Going "Maying" has a pertinent meaning and a good reward. This movement cannot fail to promote good feeling and a correct understanding between the two sections of country, whose members will be thus thrown together. We learn that an excellent water power has been purchased, with considerable extent of surrounding land, and that the company will go out prepared to trade and manufacture on an extensive scale. An assortment of various practical working machines will be taken out, more especially wood-working and other labor-saving and ingenious contrivances. It is a novel and promising enterprise.

SCIENTIFIC NONSENSE.—At a late meeting of the British Scientific Association, Evan Hopkins, author of a work on geology, and a believer in the change of the earth's polar position, also a believer in magnetism being the cause of the motions of the heavenly bodies, expressed the opinion in a paper on the geological changes of the earth, that about nine thousand years since, England basked under a tropical sun, and was now slowly drifting up to the North Pole.

EXCESSIVE LIBERALITY.—In an excess of patriotic effervescence over the victory of the allies, the mayor of Fredericton, N. B., liberated every prisoner in jail, over whom he had any control. We hope the good people of Fredericton will keep a sharp eye to their hen-roosts and clothes-lines, and lock up all the silver spoons. Another allied victory would most assurcdly ruin them.

AFRICAN INLAND SEA.—Dr. Rebman, a missionary, has verified the existence in Africa of an immense sea, without outlet, twice as large as the Black Sea, between the equator and ten degrees south latitude, and between the 23d and 30th meridian—called Ukerewe, or Inner Sea.

LIBERAL CANDIDATE.—A candidate for the English Parliament, lately, in reply to the inquiries from the voters as to what line of politics he should pursue, if elected, answered, "Whatever you please." This is promising all things to all men. We wonder if he was elected.

COMPLIMENT.—A new hotel in New York, between Houston and Bleecker Streets, has been named the "Grinnell House," in compliment to Moses H. Grinnell, one of New York's most public-spirited citizens.

GOOD.—In the New York Society Library a ladies' reading-room has been opened, and it is hoped the advantages for mental improvement it presents will be eagerly embraced.

MARSHAL PELISSIER.—This brave general is sixty years old. He is now a military lion. If he had failed to take the Malakoff, "none so poor to do him reverence."

IK. MARVEL.—Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's exquisite "Reveries of a Bachelor" have been translated into French. Their sentimentalism will suit the Parisian market.

GRUMBLING.—An editor says he was taught, when a boy, to refrain from grumbling at two things: one, at what he couldn't help, and the other, at what he could help.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Irene's Lover," a story by Dr. J. H. ROBINSON.
"A Ballad without an 'S,'" by PARK BENJAMIN.
"The Ghost of San Francisco," a sketch by THE LADY OF SHALOTT.
"A Ballad," by ELLEN ALICE MORIARTY.
"The Mysterious Hand," a story by Major WEBBER, the Hunter Naturalist.
"The Empress Josephine," a tale by IDA HAYDEN.
"The Past," a poem by GEORGE H. COOMER.
"The Daughter's Sacrifice," a story by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Representation of the Chippewa Indians, a delegation of the tribe lately in Boston.

Two graphic delineations representing High and Low Life.

A large two page picture, giving a view of General Scott's triumphant entrance into Mexico, one of the most elaborate and effective engravings ever published in the Pictorial.

Portrait of Hon. George S. Hillard.

Scene in the Cafe National, at Simpheropol.

Two views of Russian life, the first, a scene on a quay in St. Petersburg; the second, the Fete Costume of Russian Peasants in the Environs of St. Petersburg.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG and the PICTORIAL, taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Franconi, the original hippodrome man, died recently at Paris.

MM. Lorieux and Eugene de Fourcy are preparing for publication, in seventeen large maps, an atlas of subterranean Paris.

The third and fourth volumes of John Ruskin's "Modern Painters" are to appear, next month, in London. A fifth will complete the work.

The emperor Francis Joseph intends to visit Italy in February next. He has accepted an invitation from the pope to visit Rome; and without doubt, he will be most honorably received.

Miss Davenport, the well-known actress, is in Paris. She will spend the winter in Italy, and then return *home*—for she, like everybody else, thinks there is no place like the United States to live in.

The Great North of Scotland Railway Company have placed on the floor of each compartment of their first class carriages flat jars of warm water, very pleasant comforters to the feet of travellers.

Said Pacha is still waging war with the Bedouins of the desert, and recently, having induced a number of them to give themselves up with the delusion of reconciliation, they were all put to death.

The Emperor Napoleon has presented to the Princess Royal of England a fan once belonging to Marie Antoinette, and to the Prince of Wales a small watch, in which the case is composed of a single ruby split in half.

Monster guns are now being manufactured in England, which, with their carriages, will weigh fifty tons each, and will carry a shot, half a ton in weight, a distance of four miles. It will take two and a quarter barrels of powder for a charge.

A bust of the late James Montgomery, executed by Mr. William Ellis, has been presented to the Sheffield Infirmary; and a statue of the late Duke of Wellington, by Baron Marochetti, is about to be erected in Leeds, near the new Town Hall.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

All orators are dumb, when beauty pleadeth.

Those who live only for appearances generally end in making *court* in the insolvent court.

People that change their religion from reading books of controversy, are not so much converted as outwitted.

The mind is delighted with a fine style, upon the same principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity.

Consider time, like the faculties of your mind, a precious estate; that every moment of it well employed is put out to an exorbitant interest.

Courtesy of manners is the congruous drapery of a benevolent mind, and is both seemly and pleasing at all times, and in every relation of life.

Humility, as Feltham says, ever dwells with men of noble minds. It is a flower that prospers not on poor and barren soils, but in ground that is rich, it flourishes and is beautiful.

Satire is a dangerous sort of weapon to use but the most skilful should presume to manipulate; for many a clumsy hand at it has been blown to pieces by the explosion of his own retort.

Many a man talks with loud complacency about the charms of his fireside, and yet, let temptation give but the smallest tap at the door, and he evinces the most wonderful alacrity in leaving it.

Try your best to make others happy. "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since I was in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

In any adversity that happens to us in the world, we ought to consider that misery and affliction are not less natural than snow and hail, storm and tempest; and that it is as reasonable to hope for a year without winter, as for a life without trouble.

Joker's Budget.

Did you ever see the umbrella again that you lent for only "ten minutes?"

A man in the next room snores so loud that he has to sleep in the next street, to prevent waking himself up.

In an omnibus, four young ladies out of every seven invariably look through the front window at the horses.

Why does the cook make more noise than the bell? Because the one makes a din, but the other a dinner.

Punch thinks the Thames is called "The Silent Highway" on the principle that "silence always gives a *scent*."

A wag on seeing a pet poodle, which had been shorn of his fleece vast, remarked that he deemed the act which had divested the animal of its covering, *shear* cruelty.

The following is an exact copy of a printed label on the medicine boxes of a chemist in Binfalo, N. Y.: "Cough Lozenges. Dose—One, three times a day, at *bed-time*."

"Mr. Smith, you said you boarded at the Columbian Hotel six months; did you ever pay bill?" "No, sir; but it amounted to the same thing—the landlord footed me."

Horne Tooke, who was the son of a poulterer, which he alluded to when called upon by the proud striplings of Eton to describe himself. "I am," said Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

A diffident lover going to the town clerk to request him to publish the bans of matrimony, found him at work alone in the middle of a tenacre field, asked him to *step aside* a moment as he had something particular for his private ear.

Quill and Scissors.

Missionary advices state that the fall of Sebastopol has quicted the adherents of the old Armenian church, who before had hoped that the triumph of Russia would annihilate Protestantism in Turkey. Another most extraordinary sign of the times, which is referred to in every recent letter, is the readiness of Mohammedans to read the Bible.

The death of Robert Montgomery, the poet, commonly called "Satan Montgomery," occurred recently at Brighton, England. He was the author of several long religious poems, only two of which have been reprinted in this country. He was called the "Lesser Montgomery," to distinguish him from James Montgomery.

One hundred and fifty canal boats, loaded with flour and grain, consigned to Louis Napoleon, were lately frozen in between Schenectady and Little Falls, N. Y. The amount of grain cannot be less than $1,000,000, and ten freight cars a day were employed to carry it to tide-water.

The new docks, excavated in the Essex marshes, opposite Woolwich, England, for the trade of the port of London, were lately opened. They are of vast extent. The first vessel admitted was a large American ship, that could not have passed any of the other dock gates.

The House of Representatives of Alabama have passed a bill which provides that if any person shall sell to any male minor any article or commodity exceeding $5 in value, he shall be subject to a fine of not less than $25, nor more than $300.

A new hospital for the insane, the present building being insufficient, is to be erected near Philadelphia. Two hundred individuals have contributed $114,000 towards the benevolent purpose, and $36,000 are yet to be raised.

The cost of living at Washington is extremely high. From $12 to $15 per month is the average price asked for the rent of a commodious bedroom. A handsomely furnished parlor commands from $20 to $50 per month.

In Preston, England, a chimney has just been completed which is 250 feet in height; its width at the foundation, 34 feet; the weight of the stone cap is thirty-one tons, and 440,000 bricks have been used in building it.

The Kansas Herald of Freedom says the immigration into that territory is very great, and estimates that the population is equal to 70,000, which the spring immigration will bring up to ninety or a hundred thousand.

In Lebanon, Connecticut, a citizen has recovered a verdict against the town, of $2500 damages, sustained to himself from being thrown down an embankment, for want of a suitable railing along the road.

An extraordinary bear was recently caught near the head of Pilot Creek Ditch, California, which was perfectly white, except the feet, all four of which were black. He was very ferocious.

The best dressed men wear the least jewelry. Of all things avoid showy chains, large rings, and flashy gewgaw pins and brooches; all these should be left to Indians and South Sea Islanders.

The editor of the New York Mirror has seen an opal breast-pin, set in a circle of diamonds, which was given to a lady as a Christmas present, which cost between $4000 and $5000.

A daughter of Hon. Mike Walsh, who is now in Europe, recently died in New York city, at the age of seventeen. She was receiving her education at a Catholic seminary.

The annual value of poultry in the United States is estimated at $20,000,000. The city of New York expends yearly $1,500,000 in the purchase of eggs alone.

Twenty-five children from the Five Points Mission, in New York, lately started for the West, in charge of Rev. Mr. Van Meter, in search of new and better homes.

Ernest Von Heeringen, the author of a new system of musical annotation, recently committed suicide in Washington, by shooting himself in the head with a pistol.

The receipts of Galena lead at St. Louis this year show a falling off of 94,000 pigs, as compared with last year.

The Calais Advertiser learns from "the best authority" that "Mrs. Pike is not the author of Caste."

The reported death of the wife of the late king of France, Louis Philippe, is contradicted; she is recovering.

In the United States there are six thousand brokers and six thousand barbers, but the census does not tell which class do the most shaving.

During the year ending June 1, 1855, no less than 227,408 persons had their daguerreotypes taken in Boston.

The novel of "Jane Eyre" has been dramatized, and produced at Brussels.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Dr. George K. Lane to Miss Hannah E. Harrington.
By Rev. Mr. Rice, Mr. Frederick J. Peabody to Miss Julia A. Rider.
By Rev. Mr. Dexter, Mr. Joshua P. Bird to Miss Martha W. Strickland.
By Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. James H. Osgood, Jr. to Miss Sarah A. Moreland.
By Rev. Mr. Townsbly, Mr. David Linn to Miss Ellen J. Gray.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Bannister, Mr. George B. Brown to Miss Adaline A. Brigham.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Mr. James M. Spiller to Miss Sarah Woodward, both of Somerville.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carlton, Mr. Moses A. Aldrich to Miss Sarah L. Libbey.
At South Danvers, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Edward W. Jacobs to Miss Ellen W. Poole.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Geo. W. Hindes, of New York, to Miss Mary Ellen Brooks.
At Portland, by Rev. Dr. Kendall, Mr. Samuel K. Lamson to Miss Ellen Cose.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fiske, Rev. Alexander Sinclair, of Alleghany City, Pa., to Miss Ellen C. Plummer.
At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Bucknell, Mr. Elbridge G. Daniels, of Hardwhere, to Mrs. Sarah Hidell.
At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Craig, Mr. William S. Robbins to Miss Sarah E. Brownell.
At Fairhaven, by Rev. M. Richards, Mr. William H. Hoag, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth K. Gould.
At Portland, Me., by Rev. Mr. Moor, Mr. Roscoe W. Gage, of Boston, to Miss Mary J. Blake.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Samuel Gregg, 83; Mrs. Sophia B. Tufts, 39; Mrs. Emily B., wife of M. C. Greene, M. D., 30; Mr. William Allison, 60; Mr. David H. Griffin, 57.
At East Boston, Miss Temperance Clapp, 86.
At Charlestown, Mr. Joseph Parker, 86; Mrs. Elizabeth F. Richardson, 27; Mr. Samuel C. Richards, 40; Mrs. Susan P. Cooper, 39.
At Cambridgeport, Widow Phebe Gookin, 83.
At Chelsea, Mrs. Nancy Jane Pullaman, 21.
At East Cambridge, Mr. Gilman W. Taylor, 25.
At Brookline, Mr. Seth Goddard, 66.
At Roxbury, Mr. George A. O. Pierce, 29; Mr. Charles Augustus Hodgdon, 22.
At Brighton, Mr. Samuel L. Day, 35; Mrs. Susan, wife of Mr. Joseph Everett, 56.
At Jamaica Plain, Mr. Francis Low, 80.
At Canton, Mr. Elijah Tucker, 77.
At Braintree, Mr. Daniel Lord, a revolutionary pensioner, 86.
At Newton, Mrs. Elizabeth Fogg, 64.
At Neponset, Mrs. Clarinda Prentice Baird.
At Sagamore, Rev. Jonathan Keith, 76.
At Salem, Mr. Thomas Keating, 31; Mrs. Ann Heerigan, 44; Mr. Joseph T. Stadman, 34.
At Lynnfield, Mr. Josiah Jacob Newhall, 30.
At Gloucester, Mrs. Abigail Sayward, 84.
At Newburyport, Mr. John F. Richardson, 69.
At Plymouth, Mr. John Chase, 84; Mr. Gideon H. Tribble, 68.
At Palmer, Mr. Michael Guise, a soldier of the revolution, 93.
At Lunt Warehaus, Mr. Seth Sweetwood, 73.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IMPROMPTU TO THE MOON.

Cynthia! sweet Cynthia! why so pale
Appears thy lovely face to-night?
No shadows dark thy pure brow veil,
But thou art calm, serene and white,
And reaching down immensity,
Thy bright, seraphic beams do kiss
Thy sister world so prankly calm,
To me it scarcely seems a kiss.

O, Luna fair! fain would I know,
If aught of love's caprice inspires
Thy bounteous creet at times to glow
With golden light, like sunlit fires:
And then again to fainter hue,
Change the soft radiance of thy face,
While the white light streams out you bins,
Impassively on mundane space.

Art thou a queen? a royal Bess?
Pining for companionship?
Yet pleased to reign all rivalless?
Admir'st no kindred fellowship?
Enviest thou the king of day,
Because his dazzling beams outshine
Thine own soft, lustrous, silvery ray?
The sun shines but by power divine.

And thou receiv'st thy light from him
Who gilds our world with amber sheen,
His flaming chariot's piercing glim,
Compels earth's sons their orbs to screen.
But on thy placid disc we gaze,
And free admire thy stately grace,
Secure from hot and blinding rays,
Thee in each changeful phase we trace.

We love thy seraph loveliness,
Thy smiles are inspiration given—
The poet learns to greet and bless
What holds his thoughts so near to heaven.
Fond lovers, too, in thee delight,
Sweet empress of the midnight hours;
Beneath thy rays their troth they plight,
Roaming midst earth's sylvan bowers.

Canst thou not, the second power
In all the bright, celestial train,
Be satisfe with thy silver dower,
And feel thou shinest not in vain?
O queen of night! thy sunny bed,
So studded thick with brilliants rare,
Lie there in state! thy glories shed
A holy calm on evening air.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FORECLOSING THE MORTGAGE.

BY SUSAN H. BLAISDELL.

"Sir, I only ask you not to deprive us quite yet of the home we have known so long. It is a little thing for you, with your wealth, to grant—but much for us to receive."

"Your pardon; but the thing is impossible," answered Mr. Rainsford, coldly. "You will readily perceive the want of wisdom that such a step would show—the mischief that would arise from it. Were I to grant your request, so many others would make the same application, that I should be a ruined man. I have, of course, every desire to oblige you and your grandfather; but circumstances compel me to be strict in regard to the details of business."

"Mr. Rainsford," said the young girl, with the tears gathering slowly in her eyes; "Mr. Rainsford, do you know that if we can stay there no longer, in the old home where we have always lived, and where my mother was so happy, do you know, I say, that we must starve? For we have no other home—my poor old grandfather and I. We have no money to buy to-morrow's bread!"

Alice James thought, in the innocence of her heart, that Mr. Rainsford could have no conception of the extremity of her case, or he would have relented at once. She was mistaken. Mr. Rainsford knew all about it; and that was the reason he was so unyielding. He was a shrewd man, this Mr. Rainsford, and had the greatest respect—nay, admiration—for moneyed men; but poverty and he had a most intense antipathy for one another. He was one of the fiercest of those money-seekers, whom Paul Creyton's "Blind Alice" beheld in her vision of "the almighty dollar."

It was an evil day for pretty Alice James, and for her grandfather, who had some time before mortgaged the old homestead to their rich, landowning neighbor, Mr. Rainsford; for to-morrow the time was up, and they had no means of obtaining the sum which would have preserved to them a place of shelter. To-morrow, the mortgage would be foreclosed, and they would be homeless. And she made her appeal to Mr. Rainsford, only to be refused.

What was it to him that these two people became beggars and outcasts on the face of the earth? Could he make himself the poorer for the sake of those from whom he had no hope of ever gaining a cent, without taking it by force? Justice must be done, certainly. The laws of the land demanded it; and Mr. Rainsford cherished exceeding great reverence for the law—when it was in his favor. So, very fully convinced that Alice James's plea for delay was altogether preposterous, Mr. Rainsford said, with the utmost calmness:

"Miss James, I regret to say that it is *impossible*, utterly impossible, to accommodate you. And now—excuse me, if you please—I have, unfortunately, no further time for conversation at present."

He looked at his watch, bowed with ceremonious politeness, and held open the door as Alice passed out.

It closed behind her. Silent, sick, despairing she stood, with clasped hands, and bowed head, in the wide and lofty hall. "Blessed are the merciful!" she murmured. "O, who in this great world has mercy for the poor?"

"Who, indeed?" echoed a bitter voice beside her. "There are very few, and they are seldom found. *I* am poor. Let us sympathize with each other." And the voice grew kind and gentle.

Dashing away the fast falling tears, Alice looked up. It was a handsome, noble-looking boy, or, rather, young man, who had spoken. His garments told of poverty, though they were scrupulously neat and well kept. Yes, he, too, was poor; he knew what want was.

"I heard the first part of your conversation with my uncle," he said, "by accident. I know by your present appearance of dejection, what the result of your application has been. Alice, I pity you!"

His voice was husky now. He half turned away, as he clasped the young girl's hand, and the blinding moisture gathered for a moment in his deep blue eyes. Alice, seeing another as unhappy as herself, felt her own grief lightened.

"You, then, are also poor?" she said.

"Yes, I came here, half an hour since, to implore assistance, of some kind, for my mother, who is in poverty and ill health. He, *my uncle*," and the boy spoke with chilling sarcasm, "refused to give me aid; even to procure for me a situation in which I might earn our daily bread. It is his own sister, my mother, who is starving; and he refuses her assistance. You see how much compassion he has!"

Her tears sprang afresh.

"That is dreadful! I am sorry; I wish I could help you! But to-morrow, my grandfather will be turned into the street, and I cannot help him even, or myself."

"Poor child!—no roof to shelter you?" he said, tenderly. "Well, we, at least, have that; and I am sure we can lend you its protection until it, too, is taken from us. Where do you—"

"Hoy, Frank Arden! what business have you here?" exclaimed an imperious voice; "and what business have you to talk with pretty Alice, I say? Away with you, fellow!"

Alice shrank back. From the lower end of the hall, Thomas Rainsford, the son of the rich man, was approaching them. Dark, bold and haughty, with fierce expression, and insolent demeanor, he presented a contrast to his gentle, fair-browed, noble cousin, that was most favorable to the latter. With threatening eyes, and a heavy frown, he came up.

"Come, take yourself off, you begging rascal!" he said; "and don't let's see you here again!"

Frank Arden regarded him with cold contempt.

"Spare your words, sir," he said, "and keep your blustering for those who fear it. Do not imagine that your neighborhood is so tempting that I would remain in it an instant longer than is necessary. It does not need your scowls to drive me from these doors, for your smiles are quite as hateful. You are like your cruel father; and I scorn you both. Come, Alice."

And he gently drew the poor child, who was pale and frightened, away from the spot. But young Rainsford sprang forward, and intercepted their progress.

"Oho, Master Impudence, you can afford to *talk*, can't you?" he exclaimed, sneeringly; "and fine words cost nothing now-a-days, if the speaker *does* sport a threadbare jacket." And he surveyed his cousin's garments with an insolent laugh. "But mind, I wont have your impertinence here. So keep your tongue quiet, and march off. And let go Alice James's hand, too, will you, sir?—or I'll make you!"

He made a menacing movement. Alice uttered a low cry, and with an expression of fear and dislike, involuntarily shrank closer to Frank Arden's side.

"Don't leave me here! Take me away," she implored, in a whisper, looking up entreatingly in his face, and then glancing fearfully towards the young bully, who stood there with clenched hand, looking from one to the other of them, with an angry face.

Frank Arden answered by drawing her arm within his own, and moving onward, with his own person interposed between Alice and his enraged cousin, while his countenance was pale and firm, and courageous defiance beamed clear from his proud eyes.

"Come; none of that! Leave her alone, I tell you, or I'll strike you!" shouted Thomas Rainsford; and springing before them again, he aimed a blow at Frank. But the boy received it on the palm of his open hand; and with that single hand, seizing the coward by the collar, slung him to the floor.

"Now I advise you to learn caution before you attempt to strike another person," he said, calmly, "or the next time you may get harder treatment. "Come, Alice!" and he turned to the frightened girl with an encouraging smile; "we shall be allowed to depart without further molestation, I suppose."

Thomas Rainsford rose sullenly to his feet, eyeing the victor with mortification and powerless rage. Fear only kept him from renewing the attack; for he was a coward, and he had full knowledge, now, of the prowess of his lithe-limbed cousin. And shame bade him hide himself, too; for the domestics, attracted to the spot by the noise of the altercation, were witnesses of his defeat. His father also made his appearance from the library, to discover the cause of the disturbance. The son rushed past him, through the open door, and into the library, to escape from sight.

"Thomas, what is the meaning of this?" inquired Mr. Rainsford; but he got no answer from the mortified and crest-fallen youth.

"Francis Arden, I require an explanation of this scene!" he said, then, approaching his nephew.

"You shall have it, sir!" answered the boy, stopping short and facing him. "Your son made an attack upon me, and I taught him better; as I would any other cub with his disposition. You are satisfied, I presume!" And quietly turning about, he led Alice from the hall. No one spoke or made a motion to follow him

The young girl's face was pale and troubled as they reached the open air.

"How much trouble I have caused you!" she said, anxiously.

"Excuse me; it is no trouble whatever," he returned, smiling lightly. "I confess to a little unchristian satisfaction in teaching that fellow his place. Well, how do you like my fascinating cousin, Alice?" he continued, gaily.

"I do not like him," she answered, simply.

"He was always disagreeable; now he is detestable. I hope I shall never see him again!" And she shuddered, unconsciously.

"I hope so." He sighed as he spoke. "We must come back to our other troubles, Alice—the severe ones. You and your grandfather will be houseless to-morrow, thanks to that hard-hearted, self-righteous Pharisee up yonder. My mother is in circumstances a single degree less distressing. For a week or two, perhaps, we can keep our heads above water; and I know that, meanwhile, she would heartily sanction my—"

He paused. A feeling of delicacy, or boyish awkwardness, stayed the earnest words that were on his lips. He changed his words.

"Where do you live, Alice?" he asked.

"Down in the brown house, by the river, away yonder; there, you may see it now," she said, pointing down the valley.

"I see. How beautiful!" he involuntarily exclaimed, as the old homestead, nestled in its bloomy nook above the river bank, peeped out from the sheltering foliage of oak, elm and willow.

"Yes, beautiful—beautiful!"

She paused, blinded—choked—with the rushing tears. That home was hers no longer! Her boy companion, touched to the soul by her emotion, with difficulty repressed his own. Clasping her hand, he pressed it with the tenderest overflow of feeling, again and again, to his lips.

"Alice, don't cry, don't cry! I cannot bear to see you!" he entreated; and the tears were quivering on his own lashes, even then. He knew what she felt—he was hardly less unfortunate—less unhappy, himself; and this drew him towards her. They were alike the children of misfortune, the heirs of want. He felt for her the pity that would have been so sweet to him, the sympathy that he longed for himself, and an involuntary gush of tenderness filled his honest and noble heart for this poor, orphaned, homeless child.

They stood at the door of the brown house. Alice wept still, as her feet pressed the familiar threshold stone, but the tears fell more quietly from her sweet eyes, as she raised them to her companion's face.

"You will come in?" she said.

He shook his head, sadly.

"I think not, now. You have sad news to communicate to your grandfather. He will not care for strangers to trouble him now; and I must get home to my mother." His voice trembled. "But let us hope for the best, Alice."

Miserable encouragement, where the heart belied the lips! The smile that he meant to cheer the young girl, was unutterably mournful. He pressed her hand tenderly in his own.

"My mother shall come and see you to-day," he said. "You will like her. She is a dear mother! She will make you feel happier."

"Thank you a thousand times!" returned the girl, gratefully. "Do you live far from here? Is it not that white cottage, half a mile down, on the other side of the river?"

"Yes."

He lingered a moment, with her hands still clasped in his, and then turned silently towards his own home.

It was almost sunset; and a stranger lifted the heavy knocker of Edward James's door. A pale, but beautiful woman, with lovely features, that were yet sorrowful, blue eyes, as sweet and eloquent as those of the noble son who bore her likeness, and a mien of gentle, charming dignity; thus it was, for the stranger was Frank Arden's widowed mother, who had come to offer her two mites to those who were more unfortunate than herself.

Alice knew her by this likeness, and her heart overflowed at this mark of sympathy evinced in the visit of her kind neighbor. The two embraced each other silently, and with unspeakable emotion. Mrs. Arden was the first to speak:

"You will excuse me for coming, a stranger, and at such a time, will you not?" she said; "but I heard from my son of—of your misfortune; and—I *must* come."

It was enough. She had obeyed the tender, noble impulses that bade her seek to comfort those in distress deeper than her own, and her woman's heart made itself understood.

In the quiet parlor sat the old man, silent, and with bowed head. The warm spring breezes floated, perfume-laden, through the casement, and dallied with his white locks. He did not feel it.

"He has sat so since morning," said Alice, sadly. "I cannot make him cheerful; and yet he does not murmur. But I am afraid," and her voice faltered, "it is all the harder to him."

The widow approached his chair, and looked sorrowfully down upon him. Alice put her little, light hand upon his shoulder, with a gentle caress.

"Grandfather," she said, "Mrs. Arden has come to see you."

Slowly he lifted his head, and regarded the beautiful stranger.

"Ah—yes," he said, wearily, passing his withered, trembling hand across his furrowed brow. "Alice, bring hither a chair for our guest. Be seated, madam, if you please. I am very glad to see you."

She took the seat beside him, unable, at first, to speak steadily. His mild eyes rested on her face, with a gentle, feeble smile, for an instant; then he smoothed, with fingers that shook in their task, the sleeve of his coat, on which some lint had fallen.

"It has been a very beautiful day," he said; and there was almost childish softness in his manner.

The shock of that day had been a terrible one; but he rallied now with the occasion for action; and there was only perceptible a kind of weakness—an absence of the energy natural to him. One could scarcely tell whether he had been deprived of his reason, entirely, or whether he failed, yet, to realize the extent of his misfortune. But his unfailing amiability and evident effort to maintain his usual cheerfulness, was inexpressibly affecting under those wretched circumstances.

Mrs. Arden's tones were far from steady, as she asked them—the old man and his grandaughter—in as delicate a manner as possible, to come and make their home under her roof, while she had a shelter to offer them. Speaking not of her own distress, making no allusion to the poverty that hovered, a warning phantom, over her own hearthstone, she besought them to come freely, and find a welcome there.

The old man smiled, and thanked her in his gentle way. He was very grateful for her generosity. But one more night in the old house—only till to-morrow, when he should be obliged to go. Only till to-morrow he would stay here; and he thanked her very sincerely.

And so softly, so meekly, so mournfully he said it, that the tears streamed afresh from the eyes of Alice, and quivered and gleamed on the silken lashes of Mrs. Arden. A little while passed, and few words were spoken; and those were uttered in tones low and suppressed, for the presence of the great sorrow that hovered there, filled the old place with a chill awe. Then the two women went out, and he did not seem to know it. His head was bowed again; and still, in the deepening twilight, the soft airs from the garden lifted his white locks, and played across the pale, wrinkled brow; and night gathered down about him—the last night in the old house.

And under the still starlight, the widow and the orphan embraced each other. They had grown near to each other for the sake of their mutual sorrow. In the midst of want and desolation, and hopelessness, their loving, sympathizing hearts found comfort and support in leaning upon one another.

"You will come to-morrow, then," said Mrs. Arden, "and we will do the best we may, to live. We will not despair. Surely, we shall not be forsaken in our extremity."

A faint, weary sob, a fluttering sigh, shook Alice James's slight frame.

"And you are so poor yourself!" she said. "How can you forget your own troubles for our sakes? How can you cumber yourself with strangers who will only prove a burden? Alas! if I could but help you."

Holding Alice tenderly to her heart, the widow kissed her fair brow.

"Hush, hush, my child!" were her gentle, reproving words; "is it not your right, the shelter I offer you? Why else was it given me? Why are any good gifts given to us, but that we may share them with those who are portionless? Come, Alice, and help to comfort me—to win me from myself and my sorrows. Come, and have no fear. Francis will work for us, and all will be well. He shall come for you and your grandfather in the morning; and now, good night, my child."

She embraced Alice again, and was gone; and it seemed to the young girl as if her guardian angel had stood for a moment beside her, and then vanished in the starlight.

Night and silence were about the old homestead.

"Alice," said the grandfather that night, *as*, weak and trembling, he supported himself with his staff to his chamber door, "tell Harvey Rainsford that *the time draws nigh!*" And then he had gone in, and shut the door.

What he meant, she did not know; but there was a strange heaviness at the heart of Alice. Many an hour, in her little room, she lay awake in the broad moonlight, looking upward to the quiet skies, where the midnight stars shone so calmly, so peacefully; and there was trouble and foreboding in her breast; but by-and-by, it departed. There was such an atmosphere of serenity in the beautiful night, the heavens were so clear, so cloudless, so pure, that peace stole into her heart, and there was no more shadow there; and she slept the sleep of the innocent.

Morning came; and the flush of the eastern dawning brightened the pleasant walls of the little chamber, and wakened the young slumberer to another day of life. Happy dreams had been hers; and as the reality of the past and present presented itself to her, she sighed involuntarily. The visions she had had were so beautiful! In them, she had known no sorrow, no want; and now to wake to the realization of all these! But she rebuked the spirit of murmuring and ingratitude that rose within her.

Rising, she went lightly about her household labors. All things were set in order about the house — for the last time. But many a time the tears blinded her, and a choking sensation was in her throat, as she touched, on every side, objects that had been familiar to her for years; that she never might hope to look upon again! She would not call her poor old grandfather yet. No sound indicated his having awakened; and she would let him sleep as long as might be. He would be roused soon enough to the grief of the coming hour.

The fire was kindled on the hearth, and the scanty breakfast prepared. An hour passed; and another; and another. Sitting by the casement, enwrapt in her own sorrowful meditations, she forgot the flight of time.

She was aroused, finally, by an approaching footstep. But a shadow that fell across the floor. It was Francis Arden, who entered. He had come for her and her grandfather. The warm, encouraging, affectionate smile with which he met her, cheered the young girl from her sadness.

"I am very glad to see you," she said, with touching earnestness. "I have had such mournful fancies! I will go and call my grandfather."

The boy sat down, while she went and knocked at the door of an inner room. No answer was given to her summons, and she called the slumberer.

"Grandfather!" she said. "Grandfather!" There was no answering voice.

A moment she paused, then unclosed the door and passed in. An instant, and there was a low, faint moan—a sound as of something falling. Springing to the door, the boy threw it back, and entered.

There, upon the floor by the bedside, lay Alice, senseless, with the blood welling in a slow, crimson stream, from a wound just above the temple, where a sharp corner of the post had cut her head in falling; and her soft, brown hair was dappled with the red current.

"Alice!" he called, in a voice of alarm. "Alice!" and kneeling by her side, he raised her light form tenderly in his arms; but she was deaf to his voice.

Snatching an ewer of water from the stand, he cast a portion of the contents over her face and head, and chafed in his own the small hands that hung so powerless beside him. A faint, quivering sigh followed; the lightest tinge of color returned to her lips.

And now casting his eyes, for the first time, towards the couch, and the old man, who lay there so still, unawakened by the sounds in the room, Francis read the explanation of the scene. It needed but that one glance, to give it. On the sunken, sharp, rigid features, the seal of the conqueror was plainly set. There was no mistaking it—the old man was dead.

Tenderly and sadly, Francis bore his charge to the adjoining apartment again, and kneeling by her side, supported her in his arms, as she revived. With returning life came the memory of that dead face, upon which her appalled glance had so lately rested; and sorrowfully streamed the tears of the desolate child.

"He is dead—my poor old grandfather! and I am all alone now!" were her mournful words.

The tears started to the boy's own eyes.

"No, no; not alone—not *all* alone!" and he clasped her hand with gentle and earnest sympathy. "Let *me* mourn with you, and pity you, dear girl! And my mother; she loves you so! Shall I go for her?"

She assented; and within half an hour, Francis had brought his mother to the place. One or two of the nearest neighbors were also summoned; and the corpse of the old man was prepared for its last resting-place. All were inexpressibly startled to hear of this sudden decease; but looking upon that calm, mild, peaceful countenance, that even the pinched and sharpened outlines of death had failed to deprive of their beautiful serenity, the shock was softened, the momentary awe dissipated. He had evidently passed without the shadow of a struggle, from sleep to death; and the grace only felt that here had been a timely and merciful release from sorrow.

Thomas Rainsford, enraged at learning his father's intended proceedings with regard to the James property, because they were likely, he thought, to interfere with the impression which it had been his aim to make on the heart of the pretty Alice, fell into such a passion as quickly induced the elder Rainsford to alter his designs; for Mr. Rainsford had petted and indulged his son from infancy; and now that the boy seemed to attach so much importance to this point, although it cost him so much to yield, he did so shortly.

Generosity was not one of Thomas Rainsford's failings, any more than it was one of his father's. Selfishness alone was the motive power in this case. Old Edward James might have starved in the streets, and *he* would not have cared; but with Alice it would have been different. Moreover, he wished by this sudden intervention on his part to save her from beggary, to do away with any unfavorable impression which she might have received from his yesterday's conduct, and to give her an exalted idea of his goodness of heart.

No other on earth than his son, could have induced Harvey Rainsford to relent in this affair, for he was a stern, unpitying creditor; and, as it was, to relinquish the opportunity of gaining so much, seemed like tearing his very heart-strings; but he idolized this passionate, headstrong, imperious son of his, and could refuse him nothing.

The boy, having gained his point, threw himself into the saddle, and rode rapidly down by the river, to the house of Alice James. He gained the house, dismounted, and fastening his horse to a tree, approached the entrance of the vine-shadowed porch. The door was open, and he entered. Alice, herself, was crossing the passage, and as she turned her face towards him, he saw that it was pale and sorrowful. Imagining that this was the effect of his father's summary proceedings, he hastened to bring, as he hoped, the golden smile to that beautiful countenance once more.

"Alice," he said, advancing towards her, and extending his hand, "pardon this intrusion; but I come to bring you good tidings. I have induced my father to withdraw all claims on this estate; see here," and he drew from his breast a small package. "Here are the papers, which will convince you of the truth of my assertion. You can give them to your grandfather. Am I a welcome messenger now, sweet one?"

He bent upon her the smiling glance of his dark eyes, and would have clasped her hand, as he presented to her the deeds; but she shrank from him, and cast the papers to the floor.

"Too late!" she uttered, with stern sorrow. "Too late, now! Take back your gift, sir. He who lies *there*," and she pointed through the open door of the opposite room, where the white-robed corpse was visible, "needs is not now. *Yesterday* was the time."

The young man turned a shade paler, and started involuntarily as he comprehended the scene.

"Believe me," he cried, "had I been aware of your circumstances sooner—"

"No excuse, sir!" she interrupted. "I have told you that your charity comes too late. Tell your father so. Tell him that this poor old man, for whose death he will be answerable, gave to *him* the last words he uttered on earth. He said: '*Tell Harvey Rainsford that his time draws nigh!*'"

Spite of his rage at her manner, the boy could not help shuddering. But he persisted:

"Alice, you are cruel!" he said, assuming a gentleness that he did not feel. "My father is repentant. Do not be obdurate; at least, be kind to *me*!"

In his eyes lurked evil. She saw it.

"Leave me!" she uttered, commandingly.

"Not so! You shall smile upon me first!" and he stood before her, flushed and excited.

Alice shrank back.

"Francis!" she called. "Francis!"

In a moment, Mrs. Arden and her son came from an adjoining apartment. The latter was instantly at the side of the girl, with his calm, searching glance fixed upon the intruder.

"You want me, Alice?" he said, simply.

Her streaming tears was his only answ
Distressed and agitated by the insolence of h
guest, at a time like this, she had no power
control her emotion. Tenderly Francis dr
her towards him, and then, turning again, w
resentful sternness, to his enraged cousin,
pointed to the door.

"Go, sir!" he uttered; "this house shou
be sacred; for the sake of the dead, if not
that of the living. Go!—you know me!"

It was sufficient. Mad with rage, he hasten
out of the house, threw himself into the sadd
and struck the spurs deep. Away sprang t
tortured steed, with a frenzied leap; away wi
a speed that mocked the guiding hand; away
and his flying hoofs scarcely touched the pa
that showed but a dizzy line beneath.

On! still on—while Thomas Rainsford's fu
subsided into fear, and a deadly faintness sei
him. Onward! and the powerless hand relax
its grasp on the unheeding rein. Onward! a
the rider's sight grew dim, and his heart si
and his brain bewildered. Onward! and at t
very gates of the home he had so lately left,
life, and strength, and activity, Thomas Rai
ford was cast a trampled, bleeding, mutilat
corpse! There he was found, and carried u
by the awe-struck servants, and laid in the wi
hall. Then, dumb with horror, the fond fat
came to look upon his only son; and it was t
last time. That night, the rich man died of ap
plexy. *Harvey Rainsford's hour was come!*

To all the splendor of the long-cherish
wealth, whose slightest atom had been denie
him, Francis Arden was heir, now. The la
gave to him all—everything. From experien
ing the discomforts and distresses of that po
verty, from which he had so vainly sought reli
he was suddenly elevated to affluence as u
bounded as it was unexpected. The shado
had fled from the hearthstone. To the mansio
which he had once entered to supplicate th
means of relief, he brought his beloved mothe
now, as mistress; and sweet Alice James w
brought hither, too; for the alliance formed i
poverty was too dear to be broken now. Th
memory of their mutual sorrows only served t
endear the three to each other.

THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

But the most wonderful performance that w
saw this morning, was a feat of pure jugglin
of which I have never been able to find any s
lution. One of the old men came forward upo
the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leadin
with him a woman. He made her kneel down
tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded he
eyes. Then bringing a great bag-net, mad
with open meshes of rope, he put it over th
woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening i
with knotted, intertwining cords in such a wa
that it seemed an impossibility for her to extr
cate herself from it. The man then took
closely-woven wicker basket, that narrowed t
ward the top, lifted the woman in the net fro
the ground, and placed her in it, though it wa
not without the exertion of some force that h
could crowd her through the narrow mouth
Having succeeded in getting her into the baske
in which, from its small size, she was necessaril
in a most cramped position, he put the cover
upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth
hiding it completely. In a moment, placing h
hand under the cloth, he drew out the net, quit
disentangled. He then took a long, straight
sharp sword, muttered some words to himself
while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, an
put some upon his forehead, then pulled off an
threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword
suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some
degree we were for this, and knowing that it wa
only a deception, it was yet impossible to see t
without a cold creeping of horror. The quic
and energy with which he repeated his stroke
driving the sword through and through the bas
ket, while the other jugglers looked on, appa
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A MIRACULOUS HAUL.

It may be remembered that Gen. Gortachakoff in his report of the retreat of his army from the southern to the northern side of the harbor o Sebastopol, stated that the only loss sustained was one hundred and twenty-five men—seeming to imply that nothing else was missing in the confusion. The following letter, from a young French sailor, published in the *Courrier de Bas rur-Seine*, would lead to a different opinion:

"I have to relate to you a miraculous fishery which took place a few days ago in the port o Sebastopol. Some French sailors, whilst occupied in looking after all the *matériel* that could be made useful, saw what appeared a kind of box at the bottom of the water. Thinking that they had found Gortachakoff's strong box, they went into the water and endeavored to get it on shore, but found it impossible. Further assistance was sent for, and at length, by means of a capstan, there was dragged out a Russian field piece, with all its accessories, and the horses' harnesses attached to it. 'Where there was one, there might be more,' was the idea that entered the heads of the sailors, and the search was continued. The result was, that a complete field battery of six guns, with their ammunition, was brought to land."

MEN OF HUMBLE ORIGIN.

The reformer, Zwingle, emerged from a shepherd's hut among the Alps. Melancthon, the great theologian of the reformation, was a workman in an armorer's shop. Martin Luther was the child of a poor miner. Carey, who originated the plan of translating the Bible into the language of the millions of Hindostan, was a shoemaker in Northampton. Dr. Morrison, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language, was a last-maker in Newcastle. Mr. Milne was a herd boy in Aberdeenshire. Dr. Adam Clark was the child of Irish comers. John Hunter was a weaver. Andrew Fuller was a farm servant. —*N. Y. Crayon.*

Quarrelsome dogs come halting home.

"You want me, Alice?" he said, simply.

Her streaming tears was his only answer. Distressed and agitated by the insolence of her guest, at a time like this, she had no power to control her emotion. Tenderly Francis drew her towards him, and there, turning again, with resentful sternness, to his enraged cousin, he pointed to the door.

"Go, *sir*!" he uttered; "this house should be sacred; for the sake of the dead, if not for that of the living. Go!—you know me!"

It was sufficient. Mad with rage, he hastened out of the house, threw himself into the saddle, and struck the spurs deep. Away sprung the tortured steed, with a frenzied leap: away with a speed that mocked the guiding hand; away, and his flying hoofs scarcely touched the path that showed but a dingy line beneath.

On! still on—while Thomas Rainsford's fury subsided into fear, and a deadly faintness seized him. Onward! and the powerless hand relaxed its grasp on the unheeding rein. Onward! and the rider's sight grew dim, and his heart sick, and his brain bewildered. Onward! and at the very gates of the home he had so lately left, in life, and strength, and activity, Thomas Rainsford was cast a trampled, bleeding, mutilated corpse! There he was found, and carried up, by the awe-struck servants, and laid in the wide hall. Then, dumb with horror, the fond father came to look upon his only son; and it was the last time. That night, the rich man died of apoplexy. *Harvey Rainsford's hour was come!*

To all the splendor of the long-cherished wealth, whose slightest atom had been denied him, Francis Arden was heir, now. The law gave to him all—everything. From experience ing the discomforts and distresses of that poverty, from which he had so vainly sought relief, he was suddenly elevated to affluence as unbounded as it was unexpected. The shadow had fled from the hearthstone. To the mansion which he had once entered to supplicate the means of relief, he brought his beloved mother, now, as mistress; and sweet Alice James was brought hither, too; for the alliance formed in poverty was too dear to be broken now. The memory of their mutual sorrows only served to endear the three to each other.

THE JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

But the most wonderful performance that we saw this morning, was a feat of pure juggling, of which I have said so much before, and any solution. One of the old men came forward upon the gravelled and hard-trodden avenue, leading with him a woman. He made her kneel down, tied her arms behind her, and blindfolded her eyes. Then bringing a great bag-net, made with open meshes of rope, he put it over the woman, and laced up the mouth, fastening it with knotted, intertwining cords in such a way that it seemed an impossibility for her to extricate herself from it. The man then took a closely-woven wicker basket, that narrowed toward the top, lifted the woman in the net from the ground, and placed her in it, though it was not without the exertion of some force that he could crowd her through the narrow mouth. Having succeeded in getting her into the basket, in which, from its small size, she was necessarily in a most constrained position, he threw the cover upon it, and threw over it a wide strip of cloth, hiding it completely. In a moment, placing his hand under the cloth, he drew out the net, quite disentangled. He then took a long, straight, sharp sword, muttered some words to himself while he sprinkled the dust upon the cloth, and put some upon his forehead, then pulled off and threw aside the covering, and plunged the sword suddenly into the basket. Prepared as in some degree we were, and knowing that it was only a deception, it was yet impossible to see it without a cold creeping of horror. The quiet and energy with which he repeated his strokes, driving the sword through and through the basket, while the other jugglers looked on, apparently as much interested as ourselves, were very dramatic and effective. Stopping after he had riddled the basket, he again scattered dust upon its top, lifted the lid, took up the basket from the ground, showed it to us empty, and threw it away. At the same moment we saw the woman approaching us from a clump of trees at a distance of at least fifty or sixty feet. Throughout the whole of this inexplicable feat, the old man and the woman were quite removed from the rest of their party. The basket stood by itself on the bare earth, and so much apparently the veranda on which we were sitting, that we could easily see all around it. By what trick our watchful eyes were closed, or by what means the woman invisibly escaped, was an entire mystery, and remains unsolved. The feat is not a very uncommon one, but no one who had seen it ever gave me a clue to the manner in which it was performed.—*Sketches in India.*

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Quarrelsome dogs come halting home.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOPE.

BY WM. W. CRANDY.

Fond hope! thou animating star,
That, brightly glimmering from afar,
Shines forth and cheers with flattering rays,
Our early, happy, youthful days.

Fair as the beame of morning light,
Sweet hope around our pathway bright,
O'er all our future prospects twines,
And with resplendent beauty shines.

'Tis hope, sweet hope, that heals the smart,
Sent by affliction's withering dart,
Dispels the gloom of grief, and brings
A healing balm upon its wings.

Then o'er my soul, in visions bright,
Shed forth, fair hope, thy radiant light;
Let me enjoy thy blissful dreams,
More sweet by far than murmuring streams:

Until life's pilgrimage is o'er,
When earthly hopes can charm no more;
Then find a hope from sorrow free,
Of blessed immortality.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

PETER SLADE'S NEW IDEA.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

PETER SLADE was forty years old. He was a shoe maker by trade, and could make an excellent shoe, and moreover, his work was in great demand, for his shoes and boots always wore well, and he was faithful in matters of stock and manufacture, always pointing out all imperfections, and making deductions from the usual price, in accordance with the blemish. He was a short, fat, good-natured fellow, perfectly free in explaining his business to his friends, and honest to a fault. But there was one dangerous crotchet in Peter's head. He had a great penchant for speculation. He saw others about him making money thus, and as it appeared to be very easily done, Peter thought he would do it, too. This digging and pegging day after day, at his bench for a bare living, when others were making their hundreds without work, was not exactly the thing, and all his wife's persuasions could not deter him from his various projects and ideas.

One of Peter's particular friends had a horse to sell. Said friend was going off, and consequently *must* sell. No money would buy *that* horse were not such the case. A young animal—kind as a kitten—perfectly safe, sound and willing. Peter could make a cool hundred by the operation.

"What you goin' to do with that hundred dollars?" asked Mrs. Slade, as she saw her husband take the money from his old pocket-book, which he kept locked up in the secretary in the front room.

"Goin' to buy a horse," was Peter's reply.

"A horse? And what on airth do you want with a horse?"

"To make a hundred dollars on, Betsy."

"How so, Peter Slade?"

"Salter's goin' off—got to go, any-how—and must sell out. Nobody else has got the money to spare. He lets me have the beast for just about half what he's worth."

"Fiddlesticks, Peter! You know what a cheater Salter is. I should think you'd been sucked in often enough. I'll venture my old head that the horse aint worth a dollar."

"Pooh! you're crazy, Betsy. I have looked the horse all over, and I know just what he is. He's worth two hundred if he's worth a cent. Why, I tell ye, money wouldn't buy that horse of Salter if he wasn't a goin' off. An' ye ought to've heerd Salter beg of me to treat the animal kindly, and not sell him to anybody that would abuse him. I declare, the tears stood in his eyes. He loves that horse. I can just tell ye, Betsy, it's better making a hundr d dollars so, than to hammer away four months for it on my old bench. Just mind that."

"Well, Peter, the money is yourn, and you can do as you please, but you'll find in the end that the money you make at your honest trade is worth the most—and you're a *leetle* more sure of gettin' it."

But Peter went and bought the horse, and brought him home. The beast was a bay gelding with very long teeth; but he was fat, and his hair was smooth. Peter had determined that he would sell him for two hundred dollars to anybody, but he would ride a little first. So he harnessed the new horse to a borrowed wagon, and bade Betsy put on her things. She liked to ride, and she made no objections. Peter helped his wife into the wagon, and having got in himself he gathered up the reins and started. The horse went off in fine style, and by way of a flourish Peter snapped the whip.

"O! Marcy!" shrieked Betsy.

"Bless me!" gasped Peter, tugging at the reins mightily. "What life! What a spirited animal. I tell ye, he wont stand no whip—he don't need it, Betsy."

Away went the horse, and away went Peter and his wife. At the distance of half a mile from the house they came to a hill.

"Why—my sakes—how hard the poor thing breathes, Peter."

"He *does* breathe hard, don't he?" returned the husband. "Get up!—Gee-up!—G'lang!"

But the poor beast would not mind. About half way up the hill he stopped, and no persuasions could urge him on.

"Blast his pictur, he's contra'y," and Peter applied the whip.

The animal gave a spring ahead, and with a sidling motion he went down, breaking both shafts in his fall. Peter got out and with his wife's assistance, he succeeded in getting the wagon clear, and the horse up, and having hauled the wagon out to the side of the road, he turned and led the panting beast home. Peter kept the horse three months, and then sold him to a pedler for five dollars and took his pay in tin ware. For some months after that, Peter Slade worked pretty steady at his bench. But when the snow began to disappear beneath the warm breath of spring he had another "new idea."

"Where 're you been, Peter?" the wife asked, as her husband returned from an all day's visit.

"Ah, Betsy—I've got a new idea. You know old Brown's farm?"

"Yes," replied the wife.

"Well, me and Sam Walton have concluded to buy it."

"Buy it?" uttered the good woman in surprise. "Now what on airth, Peter Slade, do you mean now?"

"Why, I just mean that Sam and I are going to buy the farm."

"And who is going to carry it on?"

"We are."

Betsy began some remonstrance, but her husband stopped her.

"Now just look here, Betsy; we can have the place for eight hundred dollars; and Brown has made four hundred dollars off from it this last year."

"But you can't work on it, Peter."

"I don't intend to. I can hire the work done, and then realize something handsome. Now just look: For ten dollars I can hire an acre of corn planted, and hoed, and harvested. That'll turn out fifty bushels of corn, sartin. And then other things are in proportion. I tell ye, Betsy, it's a noble chance."

"Now don't ye do it, Peter. You don't know nothin' about farmin', and you'd better stick to your bench. You'll get cheated as sure as the world. I tell ye don't ye do it. Aint ye making money enough now? And why can't ye be satisfied?"

But it was of no use. Peter had got a *new idea*, and he must carry it out. He and Sam Walton had figured it all out, and they could not help making money. Walton owned a small farm adjoining the one in question, and he had offered to do Peter's share of the work cheap, and to return him his share of the produce. He was to have a dollar a day for all the work he did on the place, and a dollar a day for his oxen. Then at the end of harvesting he was to take his pay for Peter's share of the work in Peter's share of the crops.

It was all as plain as day. They could plant four acres of potatoes, two acres of corn, two acres of oats, and some wheat. And then there was the hay and the apples. Peter fairly danced with delight at the thought of the interest his four hundred dollars would return him, and he wondered how his wife could be so stupid.

On the next day Peter went and drew his money out of the bank—three hundred and seventy-five dollars—and the other twenty-five he had at home. It took all the money he had. But then what of that? He had only been having six per cent. for his money before, whereas now he should have nearer a hundred. And the farm was bought, Sam Walton giving his note for his half, and Peter paying the cash. Mrs. Slade—suspicious woman—flatly said, that she believed old Brown had offered to sell the farm to Walton for four hundred dollars, and that they had contrived it between them that her husband should pay the full price, and yet only get half the profits. She had heard from good authority, that Brown had offered the whole concern for five hundred dollars, and couldn't get it. But Peter was too indignant to reason this point. He only passed it by in silent contempt.

Plowing time came, and Walton went at it. He kept two big boys at work on his own rocky farm, while he devoted all his own time on the other place. Peter was much pleased with his partner's fidelity—much pleased—and he often spoke to his wife about it.

"He works just as steady and as faithfully as though 'twas all his own," he said.

"I should think he might, since you pay him for it," was the cute reply.

"Of course I expect to pay a man who works for me. But you wait, old lady. Why, we shall have a hundred bushels of corn, and as much as six hundred bushels of potatoes. Just you wait, and you shall see."

"Well," returned the wife in a lower key, "I will wait, but yet I don't believe 'twill pay. The fact is, Peter, a man like you had better stick to his business. You can't lay up money at making boots and shoes, and you have lost it all just by your pesky *new ideas*. "I tell ye, it's my mind that you'd better let 'em drop."

"Bets, you're a tarnal fool. Why, I've engaged my share of the hay to Brooks, the stablekeeper, for sixteen dollars a ton; and I'll sartainly have six tons."

"Wait," said Betsy.

"We *will* wait," added Peter.

During the summer Peter Slade wondered how much he should have to sell from his farm, and as near as he could figure he should realize over two hundred dollars in money, besides having his own corn, potatoes, etc. By the first of August the hay was all cut, and hauled to the barn. Peter was slightly astonished when he found that there was only about seven tons in all, and that a good part of that was of a quality usually denominated "podgum." However, he spoke to Walton about selling his half.

"What?" uttered Sam, in blank surprise. "Sell off the hay? Why, how do you expect to raise your dressing for the land next year? Of course the hay must be eaten up on the place."

"But I havn't got anything to eat up the hay," suggested Peter.

"But you can buy some stock if you've a mind to, though I've got stock enough to eat it up. But then it don't make no odds whether my cattle or yourn eats up the hay, for any way it will go right back on the land next year. Don't you see?"

Peter at length comprehended it, and supposed it was all right, though one source of income was gone, and his expected surplus was lessened about a hundred dollars.

Finally the harvest time came. The corn was gathered in, and Peter went to help husk it. He was a little surprised to find a great part of it small and poor. However, he was told that Sampson's corn wasn't a bit better, and he was satisfied. When they came to dig the potatoes many of them were found to be rotten; but then other folks' potatoes were the same, so that was all right.

On the first day of November Peter went over to Sam Walton's to settle. So the two sat down and Sam's account was presented. There had been raised on the place, two hundred and fifty bushels of potatoes, worth, where they lay, thirty cents a bushel. Then there were thirty bushels of good corn, worth ninety-five cents per bushel. The *pig-corn*, some fifteen bushels of it in ears, was worth about twenty-five cents. Then there were fifteen barrels of apples, worth one dollar a barrel. There were also twenty-five bushels of oats, worth thirty-three cents per bushel, and fourteen bushels of wheat, worth one dollar and twenty-five cents. The few articles of garden sauce that all been disposed of. All this added up, amounted to just these figures, $148,00, and Peter's half looked like this: $74,00.

"That's a fair interest," thought Peter, to himself. But there was another account which Mr. Sam. Walton proceeded to show next, and it stood something in this fashion:

Peter Slade to Samuel Walton, Dr.
To one half of the following work:

To 10 days' work of self on corn, planting, plowing, harrowing, hoeing,	$10,00
To 6 days' work of oxen, plowing, harrowing, hauling out manure, etc.,	6,00
To 12 days' work on potatoes, self,	12,00
And seven days of oxen,	7,00
Fourteen days at haying of self and boys,	14,00
Fifteen days' work on wheat and oats,	15,00
Six days of oxen,	6,00
Harvesting grain and potatoes,	22,00
Forty days' work on building fence, etc.,	40,00
Picking apples, 5 days,	5,00
To 20 loads of manure,	20,00
To sand in sundry times in garden, and odd jobs,	6,00
To seed found, 30 bushels of potatoes at 45 cts.; 3 bushels of wheat at $2,00; 4 bushels of oats at 40 cts., and one peck of corn at 25 cts.,	21,35
This footed up as follows:	$185,35
Peter Slade's indebtedness to work done by Samuel Walton,	$92,67 1-2

Poor Peter studied on this a long while. He was utterly dumbfounded. He could not dispute it, and the only items he questioned were the fences and manure.

"Why, bless you, man," returned Sam, "just look at what a condition the fences were in when we bought the place. Why, every stray critter in town would have had a free run over the whole farm. And as for the manure, you know corn wont grow without it. There was none on the place, so I had to find it. But next year these items wont be in."

"I suppose it's all right," sighed Peter.

"Of course it is. I have kept a snug account, though there's a good many things that I haint made no account on, and I thought I'd let 'em go agin the use I've made of the pasture. Now you see you owe me just ninety-two dollars and sixty-seven cents. We wont say nothin' about that odd half cent. If I take all that we've raised, then you'll owe me only eighteen dollars and the odd cents; and as I want to be as easy as I can, why, I'll call off hay enough to cover that."

Peter agreed to this, and after pondering a while longer he arose from his chair.

"I'll tell ye what, Peter," said Sam, concolingly, "if you'd done all your own share of the work, you would have made something. But then you can't expect to make anything on a farm, and hire all the work done."

Peter said he saw it, and shortly afterwards he took his leave. When he got home, his wife was all anxiety to know the result of his settlement, but he told her a falsehood. He swore that he hadn't settled yet. She asked him what made him look so down-hearted, and he told her 'twas because she pestered him so.

On the following morning Peter started off to make some inquiries among the farmers. He knew Mr. Brooks was a man of good judgment, and he went to him first.

"Mr. Brooks," said he, "I want to ask you a plain question, and I want a clear answer. Now you have a snug little farm, and everything handy. Do you suppose if you hired all your work done you should make anything on it?"

"No sir," was the ready answer. "I work hard now. I own everything clear, and work like a dog all the time when there is work to be done, and yet I find it hard work to make both ends meet at the year's end. My farm, by hard work and economy, yields me a fair living, and that is all, and many is the year that I should have had nothing with which to pay my taxes had I not worked out at days' works and earned the money. If our land here could be cropped year after year without dressing, then we might make something, for we could sell off hay and grain; but you see the land must be well manured, so we have to put our produce back on to it. No, sir—look around you upon the farmers in this town—and how many can you find who have laid up money? And yet you know how hard they work."

Peter went no further. He went home and confessed all to his wife, and he was so contrite and humble, that she could not find it in her heart to scold him.

"Yes," said he, "I shan't lose much, only the interest of my money for one year; for I mean to sell right out."

But Mrs. Slade said not a word, only there was a very funny look in her eye when he spoke of selling.

Peter went first and offered to sell out to Sam Walton; but Sam had no money. Then he went to others, and at the end of two weeks he had had an offer of four hundred dollars for the whole farm. Another year passed away, and again Peter found his half of the farm in debt to his pocket-book forty-seven dollars. He now resolved to sell at any price, and Sam paid him two hundred dollars for his half. He was told that was all the farm had ever been worth, and he pocketed the two hundred dollars with the feeling of a man who succeeds in saving half his property from fire, while the other half is burnt up.

After this Peter Slade sat down upon his old bench and went to work. He still had an occasional new idea, but he never allowed it to run to seed. He had become assured that industry at his trade was the safest course, and the only sure means of a competency; and this fact he endeavored to impress upon the minds of all the youth who came within the sphere of his influence.

THE LONDON POST-OFFICE.

This establishment is a plain, substantial stone building, some 400 feet by 130, supported by Ionic pillars, and having a large hall for the accommodation of the public; but it is one of the busiest places in that great emporium, and the individual at its head has under his direction an army of 20,000 persons. There are employed in London, 1380 letter carriers, for the accommodation of many of whom are provided rooms in the Post-Office building, where they sort and arrange their letters. There are 739 clerks, stampers, sorters, and subsorters engaged in the reception, delivery and dispatch of the mails, which are so arranged that all letters leave London, no matter in what direction, at the same hours—nine in the morning and nine in the evening. Men on foot, on horseback and in carts, are constantly engaged during the day, in collecting letters from the various sub-offices; and to induce publishers of newspapers to get their papers ready early in the day, mail carts are sent to their houses at certain hours to transport their papers to the central office. Each letter goes through from ten to fourteen processes, and the wonder is, how 500 men can handle 200,000 with so little confusion and so few mistakes. A spectator is always astonished at the rapidity with which the letters are made to pass under the stamp. An active stamper will stamp and count from seven to eight thousand an hour. The process of sorting is carried on at large tables, which are divided into apartments labelled, "Great Western," "Eastern Counties," "South Eastern," "Scotch," "Irish," "Foreign," "Blind," etc. Those marked "Blind" are carried to a person called the "Blind Man," who has more skill in deciphering bad writings than a Philadelphia lawyer. He will take a letter directed thus: "Srom Predevi," and read at once Sir Humphrey Davy; a letter superscribed "jonsmuet ne Wensal pin Tin," he sees, immediately, belongs to "John Smith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne." In short, he is such an adept in this business, that it is almost impossible to write or spell so as to be unintelligible to him. The mail bags are made of sheep skin, soft and pliable. They are sealed up with wax upon the twine that is tied around the top. This is thought to be safer than locking, although bags that have to go a great distance are secured with locks. The average weight of the evening mail from London is about fourteen tons. The number of newspapers sent from the office yearly is estimated at 53,000,000. The average number of letters sent daily is 267,521. The average number received is 283,225.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

AN OPIUM EATER.

The Elmira Advertiser says there is in that village one of the most singular human beings (all things considered) to be found in this corner of the world. He is a dwarf, about fifteen years of age, quite small and delicately formed, and not exactly an opium eater, but a laudanum drinker. He has been a victim of the habit for years, and all attempts to prevent his indulgence in the stupifying drug have been in vain. The desire for more and more has steadily gained on him, until at the present time he actually drinks two ounces of laudanum every day; and what is still more remarkable, *all at one time.* This enormous potation is swallowed at a regular hour in the afternoon of each day; a pipe and tobacco then follows, and smoking is in order until midnight, unless, indeed, the subject—which is sometimes the case—goes to sleep in his chair and is helped to bed. The only object for which this strange creature seems to live, is this deadly narcotic, and his only care and ambition is centered in procuring the little means required to buy the two-ounce draught. As it has been found impossible to place any effectual barrier between the drug and the drugged—the destroyer and the destroyed—the attempt has been abandoned, and it has been thought best to hereafter interpose no obstacles in the way of free indulgence. In accordance with this determination, we understand that the victim—whose yellow and haggard visage gives fearful evidence of the presence of the coiled serpent, which alternately writhes and slumbers in his bosom—has made a contract for the daily supply at reduced prices with one of our drug stores, from whence he draws the "living death," whose influence has been likened to shadowy glimpses of heaven, followed by the realities of hell with the most punctilious punctuality.

THE MOON NOT INHABITED.

Dr. Scoresby, in an account he has given of some recent observations made with the Earl of Rosse's telescope, says: "With respect to the moon, every object on its surface of 100 feet was now distinctly to be seen; and he had no doubt that under favorable circumstances, it would be so with objects 60 feet in length. On its surface were craters of extinct volcanoes, rocks, and masses of stones almost innumerable. He had no doubt that if such a building as he was then in were upon the surface of the moon, it would be rendered distinctly visible by those instruments. But there were no signs of habitations such as ours, no vestige of architecture remains to show that the moon is or ever was inhabited by a race of mortals similar to ourselves. It presented no appearance that could lead to the supposition that it contained anything like the green fields and verdure of this beautiful world of ours. There was no water visible—not a sea or river, nor even the measure of a reservoir for supplying town or factory—all seemed desolate."—*London Leader.*

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

A Record of the beautiful and useful in Art.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

OUR HEARTH-STONE IS LONELY.

BY MRS. R. T. ELDREDGE.

Our hearth-stone is lonely, since Mary departed,
She left us in bright, sunny May;
The flowers dropped their heads and looked broken-hearted,
Whilst our rose-bud was fading away.
A gem was our Mary;
A bright little fairy;
We cannot cease weeping,
Our darling is sleeping.

She told us to mourn not; her bright eyes grew brighter,
And her fair cheeks vied with the rose;
As we gazed on our darling our fond hearts grew lighter,
And we lulled all our fears to repose.
Our hearth-stone is lonely,
For God took our only;
Though bitter the cup,
His arm bears us up.

'Tis said whom God chastens he loves with devotion,
And we feel, we know, it is true;
But why heaves the bosom with frantic emotion?
Our sighs are all hushed—our tears are but few.
At twilight our dearest
Seems hovering nearest;
The still, starry hour
Has a sweet, soothing power.

The grass has grown sere where our darling is sleeping,
But our love grows warmer each day;
We strive to be calm, and we seldom seem weeping,
But our thoughts from earth soar away.
Come, dearest, at even,
From thy bright home in heaven,
In dreams linger near us,
Thy presence will cheer us.

Though our hearth-stone is lonely, we have a bright
'Tis a gem that will not decay; [treasure,
'Tis brighter and purer than all earthly pleasure,
It never will vanish away.
It is Faith—we will keep her,
Till we meet our fair sleeper;
I know she will guide us,
Whate'er may betide us.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DISOWNED.

BY JOHN THORNBERRY.

As soon as Mr. Delafield got up from the dinner-table, and went up stairs into his own room, which he called his "library," his son George followed after him. It was with no little hesitancy, however, which was abundantly betrayed in his unsteady footstep. And he brushed his handkerchief nervously over his face, too, as he went through the hall, and made a few passes at his hair, that seemed almost desperate.

When he had reached the library door, the young man felt in a flush of unusual excitement. He opened it, however, without further delay, and confronted his father, who sat near his large centre-table, in the act of selecting a good cigar from the brown box that lay on the table. The latter lifted his heavy eyebrows, muttered a syllable or two by way of recognition, and proceeded to light the roll of weed on which the fastidiousness of his taste had finally allowed itself to settle.

"Anything the matter, George?" he carelessly inquired, as he seated himself, and commenced puffing forth the fragrant smoke. "I noticed you didn't eat anything at dinner. Aint sick, I hope?"

"No, sir," responded the son, hesitatingly; "that is, I mean I'm not well, for I have something on my mind of great importance."

The father put away the cigar from his face, blew out a vaporous wreath of white smoke, that enveloped his whole head in a fragrant cloud, and regarded him with a long and serious gaze.

"Well, what can that be?" he inquired, as soon as he came out of his surprise a little.

"I'll sit down," replied the young man, "and tell you the whole of it. It has been on my tongue a thousand times, and still remains unsaid."

"Something about getting married?" interrupted the father, with a very strange look.

"That's just it," said the other.

His parent's lips lost a little of their color, and his expressive eyebrows began very slowly to knit. It seemed like the gathering of a thunder-cloud.

"I will say what I have come to say in a few words," returned the young man. "I know your settled aversion to my choice—"

"To that low-bred girl you call Miss Anthony? *Yes!* I say it again: *Yes!* YES!"

"But it is impossible for me to forget the strength of my own attachment. I must marry her. And I have come for your consent. That is all I have to say."

The tone, in which this was uttered, gave the words a greater weight than if they had been accompanied either with bluster or bravado. The speaker was calm, but firm and decided. A look of sorrow seemed even to add force and emphasis to his expression.

"George," said his father, "I have had all the conversation with you on this subject I ever mean to have. You know my feelings well enough. I am decided. Heaven and earth together will never move me. What I threatened, in case this thing went any farther, I threaten again. As surely as you undertake to marry that girl, you do it against my consent and authority; and *when* you have done it,"—here he raised his doubled fist,—"*you cease forever to be my son!*" And the fist came down with vigor upon the table.

George Delafield sprang to his feet.

"It is enough, then," said he. "I understand. I would not be a stranger to my only parent—and I his only child, too—but neither can I throw away the wealth of this loving heart! No, it shall *never* be, though a thousand fortunes were hazarded by the means! I will marry her!"

"Then you may go from under my roof just as soon as you can put together your wardrobe. Ring the bell, there, and call the coachman. He shall put the horses to the carriage, and take you and your baggage wherever you wish."

But, instead of pulling as the bell, the young man opened the door and went out. His father got up and performed that office for him. The man came up, received the necessary orders, got the horses round at the door, and—with inexpressible astonishment in his heart, for George was his own special favorite—announced himself ready to do his bidding.

The young man merely gave directions where his trunks should be carried, and himself walked out and shut for the last time the door of his father's house and heart upon his back. Still the proud father did not relent. Still he sat and smoked—though with quick and energetic puffs—one rich cigar after another, and nursed his haughty passion in the hot clouds of smoke that rolled everywhere about his head.

On the same evening, the two lovers met together. George was passionate, almost violent; she was gentle and sad, and would fain have urged him to take back his sacred promise to her.

"I will never see him again, Mary," said he, with flashing eyes. "To think my own father is such a tyrant! I cannot believe it! No, I will do as I have promised, Mary; before the week is over, we will be married. He cannot come between us *then!*"

She at first laid her head on his shoulder, and wept in silence. Her ill-y suppressed sobs roused his passion the more, like irritations that enrage a wild beast. It gleamed madly in his eyes, and betrayed itself by the clenching of his hands, and the setting of his teeth. It was a passion that took possession, not of the soul alone, but of the body, too. In every limb he trembled, as with a spasm. His heart was full of tender love for this dear soul who was weeping on his neck, yet boiling over with rage at the merciless parent who had threatened to crush him, for its sake alone, to the very ground on which he walked.

She looked up, at last, through the thick film of her tears, and began to expostulate most tenderly. Ought he not to forego his love for her, and, first of all, obey the will of his father? In infancy, and all along through youth, that father had tenderly cared for him—had made sacrifices for him without number—had looked forward to the time when he would become his own chosen companion. And could he thus forget all these strong claims upon both gratitude and affection? Was he willing thus to cut loose from every tie like these, and try fate and fortune unassisted on the open sea of the world?

She protested her attachment over and over again; yet she would best prove the depth of her love by some great sacrifice like this. She would a thousand times rather give him her last kiss that day, than live to feel and know that her devotion had brought him nothing but misery. But her words could not avail to change his deliberate purpose. Already he and his father were estranged. Between them yawned a black gulf for the rest of their lives. No bridge of man's building could ever hope to span so wide a chasm.

He embraced her passionately, and imprinted a kiss upon her forehead. It was a final seal to the promise he had made his own soul. He would be married before the week was gone! And the promise was kept unbroken! The lovers, long separated by the chill influences of unhappy events, were now man and wife. The proud father heard the intelligence with affected indifference, and immediately sat down by himself, in his library, and cut off his son from every dollar of what would otherwise have been his inheritance. The deed was done. Some talked about it for a while, and thought the parent would come round again in time—and then the matter seemed to be forgotten. But, in a few troubled hearts, its memory would live to the end of their uneasy pulsations!

How to support themselves—that was a question that was not asked till afterwards. It often never is. Mary could do as she always had done, earn her own living with the skill of her needle, devoting herself to the embellishments of embroidery and intricate fancy-work; but that he would not permit. Though cut off from his usual resources, he still nursed his pride. He could not think of his wife's working to secure her own support. He must now do the whole himself.

And in one way and another, by offices and subterfuges to which nothing less than love and passion could ever have forced his haughty nature to stoop, he managed, for a time, to keep up appearances. It was hard work, however, and he at times felt that it was like wearing the ball and chain. Mary wanted to help; but he stretched out his arms to her manfully, and exclaimed, in a tone of triumph: "Am not I strong enough for both of us?"

For a period, he certainly was. But not having been trained to any regular calling, all his efforts were made but too wildly, and only strained when they should have strengthened him. He must eventually either break down, or try another channel. But still his affection for his wife was unabated—or, rather, it seemed to grow deeper with the passing weeks. And still his father persisted in treating him as an exile and family outcast.

In the midst of gathering perplexities and troubles, when he began to be at a loss which way to turn and what to do next, the fever that carried off so many thousands from our eastern cities California-wards, broke out and raged with an unparalleled fury. The wave washed wildly up to his own humble door, and engulfed him.

"Mary," said he, at parting with his devoted wife, "it is all for your own good; it will be for the happiness of both of us. I shall come back with abundance. In the mean time, be cheerful and hopeful."

She would have murmured against his decision, for gold was not her greatest want; but as she so well knew it was the one thing now needed to bring serenity to *his* heart, she bade him farewell with all her many sorrows buried deeply in her bosom.

He was gone nearly four months, before she got any tidings of him. There was not that regularity in the passages of the mails that has since been secured, and the time seemed long and heavy. But he wrote her a brave letter, and laid before her, minutely, all his plans of operation. He still clung tenaciously to his brightest hopes, and promised to come back to her with his fortune. He again and again protested his love for her, declaring that in her alone all his earthly happiness was bound up. But not a syllable of his father! That name came now like a shadow between him and the sun.

In less than one short year from the time of his departure from the wharf, full of life and bounding with exulting prospects, the papers contained, among the long list of dead, the name of George Delafield! He lay in a forgotten grave! And Mary—she was a widow. And the proud father—he was childless. What a great change! How had circumstances been shifted by the play of destiny, changing positions and characters along with them!

Now would poor Mary have to go back to her labors again in sad earnest. Now would she seek to outroot—but forever in vain—this great sorrow, by that assiduous occupation which is able, in so silent a way, to accomplish such wonders. And stitch—stitch—stitch—again went her glistening needle, like a fine shuttle weaving the body of her wretched, wretched life.

But months before this grief descended, there was born an heir to its inheritance. A babe lay in the young mother's lap, upon whose unstained face fell her own thick-coming tears.

To work for the future of this child—that was the single purpose of her heart. The loved one was gone out of sight; but here was a sure pledge of his affection—here was the living expression of his wish that his young wife should be comforted. And she therefore buried her great grief in the depths of her heart, and bent to the serious task that fortune had imposed.

But the hard and haughty father of the dead husband, when the sad news of his loss reached him, became dumb. His very friends shrank from mentioning the event in his presence, leaving it to consume his heart in its own time. He was silent in the face of such an affliction. He only hardened his countenance the more in the public ways, and wrestled with his inward agony the more fiercely in the solitude of his chamber. He threw his last will in the fire, that he might not have even that to remind him of his injustice to his son, and to good him with the written testimony of his perverse passionateness. Yet fire was not hot enough to burn this damning fact out of the memory. It was branded there, as if it had been seared with a heated iron.

Years passed. The child grew, and became a child of promise. Ever more and more was it drawn to the love of its mother, who watched and prayed over it as if it were the last slender strand that held her life to the earth. She set it up deliberately as her idol. She worshipped it, and thanked God for giving her lonely heart even that on which to fasten itself.

Still she remained poor, and kept at her silent and unnoticed toil. And all the while, too, the parent of the boy's father hold himself aloof, nor offered any of that trifling assistance which would have made life so sweet, instead of so bitter. His heart was bleeding, but it was not broken.

Finally, as time went on and wrought its various changes, he was thrown in the way of often seeing the child, and observing his promising characteristics. Besides his sprightly manliness, the little fellow brought back the youthful face and figure of his own father! There are memories, in this life, that may be sternly put aside at one's bidding, to make room for those that bring more sunny glimpses along with them; but the memory of one's own youth, or of the youth and innocency of one's own children, there is no hand that may think to intrude itself and push them away.

Neither could Mr. Delafield hope to forget his son, so long as these pleasing pictures of his youth kept dancing before him. And the recollections of those days of innocency haunted him perpetually. He found no refuge for them even in sleep. He could not bid them vanish in the thick clouds of his fragrant cigar-smoke, nor drown them in the rosy depths of his choicest wine. There was only one way in which he could compromise with these claims upon his heart. It was to send for the boy and adopt him for his own. Accordingly, the mother was one day summoned into his presence. He confronted her with no apparent betrayal of feeling, and at once began upon the business on which he had requested her presence. It was all a cold and formal proceeding.

"If you are willing to consent," he concluded, "to place the boy in my hands, to bring up and educate him, with the condition added, that you are to hold, and are to hope to hold, no further intercourse with him, then I am ready to adopt him! I make him my heir!"

He paused to get the answer. Marble as he seemed, his heart really beat with a rapid pulsation beneath his rich velvet waistcoat, fearful that her decision might go against him. In that single moment, the frail woman held him in her own hand!

The mother's heart seemed for a moment to stop beating. Her very breath was suspended. It was a cruel offer—this which he had placed before her to accept or refuse, and still the temptation was a glittering one. Bred under her unaided care, nursed in poverty, and educated but indifferently with her slender and eked-out means, her child would have to be content to take that place among his fellow-men, which limited advantages usually allot those in his condition. But supplied with all the benefits that unbounded wealth could command, surrounded with friends and admirers, introduced among persons through whose connection he could easily make his way higher and higher in the world, every day—what a change might not accrue, not less in his position and influence than in his character.

It was the better to decide finally between these two important alternatives that she hesitated. Almost any one, whether mother or no, would have hesitated in the same way. On the one hand, she saw nothing but want, and anxiety, and scanty advantages, and unending toil for the mere necessaries of life; on the other hand, wealth, and friends, and brilliant connections, and a future full of hope and happiness. The temptation was certainly a strong one. At one time, she had entirely yielded to it. Her answer was ready at her tongue's end. It would have changed the guardianship of her darling child—that only surviving pledge of her youthful husband's love—and exiled him from her presence and her heart forever. So fondly did she wish that his might be all the enjoyments that it belonged to human beings to enjoy. So eager was she to secure for him whatever others could boast of possessing, the most of them not a whit more deserving than he.

And then that fateful *condition* rushed back upon her thoughts! Glittering as the temptation was, it was likewise accompanied with too much cruelty—it was nothing less—not to stand out alone from all its attractions. The more she revolved it, the more that single thought of cruelty impressed itself upon her mind. Under its increasing heat, all considerations of interest and advantage were melted down one by one. She bestowed one desperate thought upon the long and hopeless separation from which she would have to suffer without complaint, and her answer to the proud man burst from her lips in a cry of agony but ill-suppressed:

"No! No! I *will not* let him go!"

The merchant paused, and regarded her with deep surprise. That a friendless and frail being like *her* should dare to foil him in his cherished designs! That a mere woman, moneyless and dependent, should presume to brave him thus in his own house! It stung him to the quick. It was a wound to his pride, chiefly, which such a man would soonest and most keenly feel. This momentary self-possession was the surest proof that the arrow would rankle all the more hurtfully as soon as it had passed away.

"What did you answer me?" said he, in a voice that seemed glassy and frozen. "Consider the matter again. Do not be in such a haste about concluding. You know for yourself how much better it will be for him to be here—"

"No! no! no!" she exclaimed, three several times. "It cannot be! I should not live another day, if this thing were to happen! I will not think of it! I will not look at such a proposal! I will not make myself a guilty party to such a cruel conspiracy!"

"Your resolution is taken, then?" he asked, rising hastily.

"It is! it is!" she answered, rising, too. "If you are truly desirous of doing the dear boy a kindness, for which he and I would both of us feel grateful through life—"

"No more! Not a syllable more!" he returned, putting up his hand with an air of authority. "This is enough for all." And he silently motioned her towards the door.

He hurried up to his room as soon as she had gone, and began pacing the floor. The longer he walked, the fiercer his passion grew. He brushed his hands passionately through his hair, clenched his fists, and set together his teeth. The blood flew into his face, and swelled the big veins in his temples till they seemed knotted like cords. Glass after glass of wine he stopped, now and then, to pour out and toss off, without thinking of what he was doing. The wine rioted in his veins, and inflamed his risen passion to a still higher pitch. The more he drank, the more he would drink; and each successive libation rendered him less and less subject to his own control.

It seemed now to him as if all had been taken from him, and nothing was left to live for. He could not help thinking that this girl had first robbed him of his only son, and now presumptuously refused to give up that son's child. There was no way by which he could defy her. She stood there and defied him, and flung the full history of his wrongs in his face. She, the humble one, a mere child, herself, and socially not fit to stand beside him! He could not endure his thoughts. Like a lion that finds himself fairly enmeshed at last, did he turn himself round and round to break asunder his slender bonds, and all the while entangle himself the more.

When the servant came to rap on his door and tell him that tea was ready, there was no answer. The door was finally opened, and Mr. Delafield lay prostrate upon the floor! In his passion, he had passed out of life, and left his wealth—was it for friends, or favorites, or the undeserving sycophants who fawn upon such men? No; but to the child of his son—the boy to whom, but a few hours before, he was willing to leave it, if his mother would but suffer him to trample ruthlessly upon her heart! There was no other living relative; and there could be no fear that the child's mother would fail to employ her new acquisitions for his highest and noblest welfare.

He had burned his only will, when his son married against his wish. But there was a stronger will behind him than any that he could draw, and that was the will of destiny!

COFFEE LEAF AS A BEVERAGE.

Why do we use the berries or beans of coffee for making a drinking beverage, while we only use the leaves of the tea-plant? In Sumatra, prepared coffee-leaf, as stated in Prof. Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life," is the only beverage of the people. A Mr. Ward, who resided for a long country for a number of years, states that with "a little boiled rice" and an infusion of the coffee-leaf, a man will support the labors of the rice-field for days and weeks successively, up to the knees in mud, under a burning sun or drenching rain." He states that he was induced to adopt it as his own daily beverage, and his practice was to take two cups of a strong infusion of it with milk in the evening, as a restorative after the business of the day. He found immediate relief from hunger and fatigue by its use. His bodily strength increased, and the mind was left clear and active. The natives of Sumatra prefer the leaf to the berry—they believe it more nutritious, and they do not plant it for the bean, as is done in Brazil and Java. If the leaf of the coffee plant is so excellent, let some of our merchants inspect some of it, and give it as least a fair trial.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

CHANGE OF PLACE.

I knew a man that had both health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied: "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friends, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any one of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul.—*Walton.*

Jester's Picnic.

A friend who recently happened on the same car with Horace Greeley, tells the following:

Mr. G. was trying to read a newspaper by the "dim religious light" of a car lamp. In order to see, he raised the wick; but hardly had he done so, before the lamp trimmer came along and turned it down. The moment his back was turned, Greeley turned it up again. The knight of the "Dark Lantern" presently came along again and partly shut off the light by which the philosopher was reading. Greeley remonstrated. The official thrust his lantern in his face, surveyed him with a contemptuous air for a moment, and coolly replied:

"Old fellow, you talk too much."

A handsome Yankee made love to a buxom widow in Pennsylvania. He accompanied his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of means to set up a retail store," was the reply.

They parted, and the widow sent the Yankee a check sufficient for his purposes. When they had met again, the pedler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"I have another wife!"

As a good-looking friend of ours, whose moustache is jet black and curls magnificently over his lip, was passing the residence of a couple of damsels, the following conversation is said to have been overheard:

1.—"I do wonder how it goes to kiss one of those creatures with a horrid moustache?"

S.—"Why, of course, I don't know."

1.—"Well, I'm going to get the boot brush, and try it."

And she did; but we wont tell on you, girls.

The editor of the "American Mechanic" has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken unto his wailings: "Owing to the facts that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch pedler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus, while the editor was home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of publication."

Caroline, wife of George II., attended to her toilet and her devotions at the same time. While her nymphs were adorning her body, the chaplain, Whiston, stood at the door preferring prayers for her soul. Sometimes the nymphs would shut the door, and then the chaplain would stop. This nettled the queen, who inquired, "why do you stop?" "Because," said the chaplain, "I do not choose to whistle the word of God through the keyhole."

"He's caught a Tartar."—In some battle between the Russians and Tartars, who are a wild sort of people in the north of Asia, a private soldier called out:

"Captain, halloo there, I've caught a Tartar."

"Fetch him along, then," said the captain.

"Ay, but he won't let me," said the man.

The fact was, the Tartar had caught him. So when a man thinks to get another in, and gets bit himself, they say "He's caught a Tartar."

An old fellow, who became weary of his life, thought he might as well commit suicide, but he didn't wish to go without forgiving all his enemies. So at the last moment he removed the noose from his neck, saying to himself: "I never can or will forgive old Noah for lasting the copper head snakes get into the ark. They have killed $2000 worth of my cattle, and when he and I meet, there'll be a general fuss."

A Frenchman being hard up for a dinner, stole a pig. He was caught in the act, taken before a magistrate, and called upon for his defence, when he thus delivered himself:

"O, mon Dieu! I steal no pig! No, sar, I never! Ah! you shall see! I tell ze pig, will he go wis me? He says, 'Oui! oui!' and zen I take him. Is zat vot you call steal de pig, ven he go vis his own consent?"

Recently a fellow brought suit before a Philadelphia alderman, insisting on paying some of the cost in advance, as he was not known to the officer. He gave him a counterfeit note, and a false address, got the change in good money, and of course let the suits go by default. The defendant says he never heard of him before, and the magistrate thinks he never will again.

A few days after the marriage of Thomas F. Meagher, the following notice appeared in the Boston Atlas: "Thanks to the example of the patriotic Meagher, and rush to arms! Become, at once, United Irishmen! P. S.—The London Times will please copy."

A countryman was induced to make his first visit to the theatre, recently, and after the performance was over, was asked how he was pleased with it. "Wal," said, "I liked the picters (meaning the scenery) purty well, but them play fellers talked too much."

A gentleman with a red nose is around town, assuring his friends that he got it at the sea-board, though it is strongly suspected that he has made a mistake, and intended to say side-board.

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VOL. XI.

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CHAPTER X.

WHAT MORGIANA DID.

Assad knew that it wanted yet of midnight, when he reached h and as he felt much fatigued he re down, but not to sleep. This remaining mainted for an hour, but at the ex that time drowsiness overcame him asleep. When he awoke he knew one was laying hold upon his should started up quickly. A bright light h his eyes when he opened them, and h mamlouks about his bed.

"Assad of Bagdad," spoke the le and follow us, for we have come for

"And where fore are ye come?" youth, arising at once.

"For thee," answered the mamlouk "But who sent thee?"

"Our master whom we obey in all answer not. So follow us quickly, if have at well with thee."

Assad knew that there would be no ing question for the present, so he followed the mamlouks from the apart when he reached the court he found and Gulnare there in charge of the His hand instinctively dropped to sword-hilt usually rested, but he found on looking around he saw that one o tors had it. Then he knew that resista be useless, and he remained quiet; but meant had not been understood.

"Listen, Assad," said the leader of louks: "We know thy desire, and wouldst flee from us quickly cou overcome us. But our master, whom in all things, has commanded us that w damsel on the instant when thou n position. Remember—we answer obey."

Assad made no reply, and though was maddening, yet he contained him saw his beloved mounted upon her o and Gulnare upon her's; and in a mom the beast he had ridden was brought he bidden to mount. Then the four started on with the females, and the r followed with Assad.

Our hero's first object was to notice t which his captors would pursue, and a the path was fairly gained, he found th to the northward, and he supposed he carried to Mosul. After he had assur respecting the course he should pursue turned towards Morgiana, but he foun could not be allowed to speak with her end of an hour the moon arose, and by thus afforded, the youth saw that they ly crossed the sandy plain, and that a d lay not far ahead. Just as the party this wood he turned his head back, and the distance, he could see a dark objec upon the plain. In an instant his h lighter, for he knew 'twas the faithful M was following.

When the sun arose they had passed the wood and come out upon an open co which were hills and vales, and ravine and trees of fair. By the side of a str the party stopped, and Assad could see quiet dem anor had wrought favorably mamlouk, so he asked of the leader wh meant to carry him.

"To Mosul," answered the mamlouk

"I am at a loss to understand why t is done to me," resumed Assad, modest I have done no wrong in my whole life God, who is All Merciful; and as for I know no one there. Why is it, then?"

"I know nothing at all of it, young m that we were ordered to bring you. W only to obey, and ask no questions. O ter can answer if he please, but we can

Assad asked no more, and as soon horses were round the party set out on At noon they stopped again, and when had set, they came to a grove of pa which grew upon the banks of a small